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OF THE

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TCHAY AND CHIANTI

OR

Wanderings in Russia and Italy

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OR

Wanderings in Russia and Italy

£3781

BY

W. ST CLAIR BADDELEY

AUTHOR OF "JOHN DUDLEY," "BEDOUEEN LEGENDS," ETC.

LONDON

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To Mrs. Procter.

Now, when December mourns the silent leaves
That lie o'erfrosted in our homely lanes;
When Christmas drippeth drear from songless eaves,
And winter loads the bourn with dismal chains;—
These scenes of summer, gathered from among
My wanderings, with your name I make more bright,
Who, Ceres-like, bless sheaves of English song
Since eighteen hundred christened you with Light!
Widow of Poet! mother of Poetess!
Blithe golden Calendar, where we review
Our century's first kindling loveliness:
Keats, Lamb, Hunt, Beddoes, Bulwer, Dickens too;
Our Laureate, Browning, Holmes! While others, less
Than these, make life more sweet in loving You!

ST C. B.

December 25, 1886.

I

DEDICATE

This Volume

TO

MY VALUED FRIEND AND NEIGHBOUR

MRS. ANNE BENSON PROCTER.

PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH there is no actual Russian snow in this volume, the association of the two countries, Russia and Italy, in it will perhaps still appear strange. In fact, at the outset, it is necessary to say that while to one traveller these countries would at once suggest separate books, to another certain sufficient bonds of relationship may seem to occur between them. In most matters no two countries can possibly be more dissimilar. Russia—vast, flat, dull-headed, tyrannous; Italy—fair, defined and limited, intelligent and freedom-loving. Their relations, at first sight, are evidently not those of resemblance, but of contrast; as darkness is complementary to light. Yet it is not these relations either which caused both countries to figure

here: moreover, politics and economy are entirely absent. The connection is merely an æsthetic and a naturalistic one. And as there is no problem or central idea to be solved, "Explanation Societies need not apply."

Who would expect in Moscow to see Lombard fourteenth-century walls or Italian brick-mouldings? or, again, to find masterpieces of such painters as Raphael and Fra Sebastiano del Piombo, and collections of Gubbio, Urbino, and Castel Durante wares? In this way, it is true, there is perhaps no country in Europe which could not be found directly in relation to that Italy whose amazing genius has provided spacious banquets of intellectual sweets for all the world. For apart from the scattered and travelled treasures of her native princes, her influence is seen and felt in a thousand unsuspected ways. Even Russia, backward as she still is, used three hundred years ago to invite North Italian artists to work for her in her capital cities.

With regard to the other connection, it is merely the common relationship of open-air Nature and the fascination of her various objects

and aspects, which, to the naturalistic mind, makes all countries interesting, and generalises their diversities, which neither compels language-learning nor requires permission. We did not go to Russia to be Russianised, or to Italy to be Italianated, but to observe and to enjoy; and something of the results will, we trust, be tasted in the small distilled cupfuls of Tchay and Chianti poured out here.

EXTRA LEAFLET ON ROME.

WHILE going to press, many sharp complaints reach us, through various English channels, of the spoiling of Rome by modern buildings, &c., about which we have a word to say. Those complaints, natural and sane as they are in one respect, are assuredly also an awakening of English self-indulgent conceit from its darkness to daylight.

Rome, from the forestieri's point of view, was a sacred deposit of past history, a sort of terrestrial Bloomsbury and Kensington, an eternal

museum for antiquarian and æsthetic delectation, which ought to have been secured and guaranteed against the spirit of the age. The gardens of the villas should be insured against their owners; the picturesque streets, where man and beast are herded and goaded together in one crowd, must never be made wider and more practical, because if that be done the pleasures of sight and memory of some few thousand English and American *patrons* of Rome will be utterly spoiled. In fact, there should be no national outcry for national wants. For whom then does Rome stand? Does it not stand for the heart and centre of a great nation? or is it only to stand for the sentimentality of the undiscriminating dilettante, or as an outlet for the chronic decay of a few fossil-mushrooms?

What is worth preserving never was so well-cared for and assured of preservation as it is now. Nobody raised a voice in the older days when the palaces of Rome for the papal minions and great families were built for them out of the Coliseum, aqueducts, and the temples. The spirit of industry is the healthy spirit of modern

Italy; and some sacrifice must, no doubt, be made to it. The people take hold of the actual and Present, and not of the ideal Past. Nevertheless, more money and labour, manual and intellectual, have been given and used for antiquarian purposes of general interest in Rome during the last twenty years than in the fifty years immediately preceding. Imagine if Italians were to send wailing elegies, "Iliads of tragic woe," to the English journals complaining of the improvements at Westminster, or the removal of Temple Bar! We should rudely but firmly tell them to mind their own business! But we ourselves, it seems, whether it is an Italian cathedral, Tuscan fountain, or Roman rubbish that is to be restored or removed, make no apology for abusive agitations and autocratic advice. There are just as learned and gifted people in Italy as in England; and therefore there is little reason why English regrets should show more than "a modest gaze." We are inclined to believe that much, but not all, of these complainings are the hysterical affectations of some of those effeminate people of both sexes, who have tried so much of late years,

by significantly enlarged elbows and ill-bred manners, to degrade art and vulgarise the sunflower. However, we can assure Italy that "Vulgarity" will be their only epitaph, even in England: so little notice need be taken of this dismal malady of which they now daily recover when treated in any climate with,—

℞. Tinct. Valerian.
Tinct. Asafœt.: āā ℥ij.
Spt. Lavand. Co. ℥iss.
Aquæ ad vj.

every three hours.

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A SHORT VISIT

TO

RUSSIA AND FINLAND.

A SHORT VISIT

TO

RUSSIA AND FINLAND.

CHAPTER I.

N these days of exuberant publication, it requires considerable courage in order to sit down and write a volume of undistinguished travel and simple observation. First of all comes the consciousness that readers demand novelty; and next comes the posing doubt whether one can say anything which others have not already said, or could not say better than oneself. However, the con-

clusion presses that if doubts and fears argued it out between them in earnest, why no book would be written at all, and the literary world would be saved a great deal of commonplace.

Reader, the air is well-nigh stifling. We are at the beginning of July, and these windows overlook those gardens where what air does exist in London now should be found. Bevies of wild ducks make one cooler perhaps, for observing their facile flight over trees and lawns about the bright waters so jealously hidden down there. Thunder is threatening, but probably means nothing; and the sun is pouring rich store of soft gold through the broken clouds above Kensington and Camden Hill: while a lofty rainbow bends towards the northern end of Park Lane, against a dark arm of storm that will soon encircle classic Hampstead and philosophic Highgate.

Signs of exodus are plentiful. The season is prematurely past. Who is free is removing either to the country, or across the water. Of

the two, I have chosen the last. I am going to Russia; at eight o'clock this evening the train leaves for Queenborough; whence, by Flushing, our route lies to Berlin. My fellow-traveller so far, will be a poet, who goes to take up his first appointment in the diplomatic service, at the German capital. It reminds me that Chaucer, Petrarch, Spenser, and Wotton were diplomats also.

Armed against officialdom by the presence of a mysterious canvas-bag containing results of the "Berlin conference," my friend and I soon found ourselves pacing the deck of our steamer, whose masts scarcely swerved among the fair constellations of a moonless summer night. There we discussed our favourite poets; notably Byron and Goethe among moderns; Spenser and Brown among the elders, remarking especially how much Keats owed to the former of these last through the latter.* Also how that Donne was

* William Brown of the "Brittannia's Pastorals" we considered to be a gentle homely Devon Poet of the

one author of the phrase Keats chose for his epitaph: "*Writ in Water*," which occurs in his 17th Elegy, anent "Women's Vows." We then transferred our speculations to the bright stars above us, especially the cross of Cygnus, and the neighbouring region of space towards which the sun's entire system of comets and planets is advancing. All while the waters shimmered playfully away from our steadfast prow, till the little lights of our native land to right and left grew dim, nebulous, and then vanished.

Neither landscape, towns, nor objects interested us during our next day's railway journey *via* Hanover and Ober-Hausen. So we devoted ourselves to pipes and poetry, chiefly

pastoral or idyllic type, whose sweetened classic mythology is overspread with clouted cream and nutmeg. He has none of the polish of the courtier nor the artificiality of capital-city-life. Spenser and Sidney were his inspired ideal masters: Donne, Drayton, and Daniel his secondary deities. His nectar is good cider and his music is of a kind that brings to mind the lovely coombes and lin-streams of his native land.

giving attention to a stanzaic romantic poem in MS., which my friend has since published. We further agreed that all poets should be critics of poetry also. The best things said about poems have ever come from poets themselves, as from Milton and Coleridge. The finest body of poetics does not emanate from Johnson and Jeffrey; but from Horace and Goethe —not from Primrose Hill, but from Parnassus itself!

At Berlin I discovered that my train would start in half an hour for Petersburg; so I hastily parted from my friend, and had my impedimenta transferred to a sleeping-car, where I slept soundly; though not altogether pleased that another being occupied the berth beneath me. The whistle sounded soon enough, and two days' further journey commenced.

Converse proving agreeable to my new fellow-traveller in the morning, we found we were destined to continue all the way together, and a variety of topics succeeded one another:

till we criticised Sir Gerald Graham's doings in Egypt; the recent breaking of British squares of infantry; and finally, the manner of machine-guns. This last subject was soon entered into with an absolute, but yet unforced, knowledge of detail, which convinced me very soon that my new acquaintance must himself be at least, Gardner, Gatling, or Nordenfeldt. Well, so he proved to be, and I was set a wondering to find the inventor of a weapon adapted for wholesale destruction of human life, to be a genial and genuine philanthropist. But Brutus loved Cæsar so much that he killed him. And did not Raphael paint Madonnas in the atelier of Perugino, when the Oddi and Baglioni were crimsoning Perugia with blood?

> "Contraries in extremes do often meet:
> It was so dry that you might call it wet."

Next day, after passing ancient Konigsberg with its castle, we reached the frontier of the Tzar's territory at about two o'clock, and en-

joyed a comfortable first meal in Russia. We went thence in a new train. The Russian officials—black-bearded, and with little round Astrachan hats—strode about in their odorous top-boots, contrasting strangely with the stiff helmeted Prussians at Konigsberg. In lieu of changing landscape, the name of the station in Russian characters, accentuated one's consciousness of passing into another country. The fresh carriages being constructed on broad-gauge principle, afforded one plenty of room, as well as helping to give some much-needed steadiness to the train itself.

How strange is the sensation of thus entering a country differing in race, language, and government from any other we have previously visited! One almost expects to see new constellations. The frontier is a sort of equator: and one loves what is left behind it. All is vague ahead. Yet experience will level all differences.

The country continues flat and arable, di-

versified gradually by forest and swamp, with sombre wooden villages at great intervals. There is nothing emotional in the landscape at all: and yet these very provinces are grimly notorious for the atrocities committed therein during the suppression of the famous Polish rebellion of 1863–4. Who knows what tragedies this quiet air remembers? Officially, no doubt, these same tragedies are merely chronicled as "repressive measures." My fellow-traveller informed me that the cruel Mouravieff died a horrible death. Villains seldom do: though Herod and Ivan the Terrible certainly did.

Sometimes we paused at some apparently insignificant forest-station. All there was silent, save the tireless nightingale singing in the blithe birch and breezy pine. Numerous grassy pools hard-by were breaking into water-lilies and arrowhead; while ragged-robin and its relative, pink campion, with clustering yellow-iris, abounded. Children, shoeless and squalid, constantly offered us fragrant wild strawberries

in birchen baskets, together with handfuls of lily of the valley. Then once more we glided into dreary loneliness.

These features did not change, for better or worse, till we reached Gatschina on a Thursday afternoon; not very long after which the mighty golden dome of the Cathedral of St. Isaac glimmered in the distance against an inky background of thundercloud, with the fine spires of the Admiralty, and St. Peter and Paul visible as vassals to it. It did not seem like Europe.

I was soon seated beside J—— in a smart drojki, being rattled over a stony street full of holes, towards his apartments in the Millionaya, where a cup of refreshing tchay with lemon inaugurated my arrival.

We dined with a friend whose apartments overlook the Neva—then shining under the bright twilight—wide and swift—a grand river; and there in line with us stood the colossal Winter-Palace. Afterwards an evening drive

took one over the neighbouring bridge to the wooded islands beyond, which are interlinked by other bridges, and make a delightful adjunct to the vast city. They form a combination reminding one of the beechen woodland by The Hague, of the Lido, and of the Bois de Boulogne. Some of the unextinguishable Russian imperial family have small villas there. Besides the pretty winding branches of the parent river, there are many reedy pools blossoming with water-flowers. We at length reached a quiet spot, and rested our steed, while we overlooked the calm, shipless gulf of Finland under the deepening but almost starless twilight. We were there alone, because Russian society was out of town, enjoying mosquitoes and hay-making, not having taken yet to lawn-tennis.

The effect of continual twilight was strange. On our return to our apartments at midnight, the low-lying clouds were still of a tawny tint, and one could easily read small print

by the light. All was desolate in the broad straight streets; the only human forms we saw were porters huddled asleep on palace doorsteps here and there, like dogs without kennels.

Next morning my attention was first attracted to the prizes of the forest exhibited on the walls around me. There were notably two heads of male elk, which my host had killed right and left, as a herd of seven defiled one early morning out of the woodland no further hence than Slough is from London. More than one noble bear-skin lay on the floor, while a quartette of elks' feet made a quaint piano-stool. High up on the wall, well-mounted, was a specimen of the much-maligned glutton (*Gulo Arcticus*); while from the ceiling hung a dark imperial eagle with its wings outspread, which met death by a mere knock from a gun, having gorged himself on a lately-killed elk, to such a degree that he was unable to rise, or escape.

The sportsman in Russia is partly dependent on the autumn migrations of birds for his

prizes, though at almost any period of the year something worth shooting will be found for an unspoiled hand. Reynard is quite accustomed to run an ignominious gauntlet through the wood before you, and is often the object of a social battue, in which ladies sometimes take successful part.

It is not a little surprising to learn how close to this great busy capital large game is attainable. There was a stuffed lynx in the room, which my host had shot last winter in the actual outskirt of the city; while wolves and bears approach well within twenty miles.

On the morrow, being invited by some friends to spend a couple of nights in the country, we took a carriage with three horses, and crossing the Neva by the bridge of boats to the Finland Road, we drove for about seventeen versts, overtaking several country trucks from which the bright red of the peasants' shirts or the women's kerchiefs could be descried at great distances. The spinal

exercise due to the ordinary state of Russian roads in summer, is a somewhat violent shampoo, and one is tempted to remember luxurious wood pavements and crisp marine parades.

We were received by our friends in their garden at Mourino, an hour and a half after quitting the capital. At Mourino a colony of English have settled for summer resort. Each one has his private garden, in true British fashion, differing considerably from the Russian, since nothing apparently so pleases the latter as to crowd and overlook his neighbour, or to club round a railway station. In fact, the foreigner who first sees Russian country stations would fancy some festival was in progress, and be anxious about the expected overcrowding of his compartment, to discover that only one out of perhaps twenty-five persons in the station intended to travel, and that the rest were there out of mere curiosity!

The peasants one meets on the road are chiefly Finns from villages beyond Mourino,

mostly inhabited by Finns—a people of different race, traditions, and character to the Russians. They answer rather to the fragments of early races represented in Spain by the Basque, in France by the Breton, and in England by the Welsh. We shall hear more of the Finns later on when we go into their country. I will merely notice here that they are generally flaxen-haired, and are more prepossessing as children than as adults; also that their Asiatic love of bright colour is very noticeable. The houses are all built of wood, and mostly supported on granite-blocks, which may have ancient racial reasons as well as a very obvious modern meaning.

The nightingale and the garden warbler filled the place with song, punctuated at intervals by the stertorous note of the redwing. At the end of the garden, below a steep bank very green with grasses and overshadowed by tall birches, winds a clear brown river.

In the afternoon we took a ramble in the

forest about a mile off, which gave a good idea of the main difference between the wildest wood in England and the most ordinary woodland of Russia. The chief distinction is the undergrowth. It is a wild tangle of self-sown seedlings, ferns, and wild flowers, full of delight and surprise. There is nothing domestic about it. It serves not for Nature's Sunday show, but for her continual work-day wilderness. Man, the designer, has not been there, and no reminiscence of him is to be seen. The strawberry and the lily blow there by their tens of thousands, regardless of the great Tzar and defiant of King Frost. The spruce, pine, and birch are the most usual trees, but mountain-ash in full flowerage here added new contrast and beauty. The sun was very powerful, and beaconed sullenly from the far-off dome of the huge Cathedral as we descried it from the road on emerging. Mosquitoes began to annoy considerably, and caused me to recall a first Sunday in Rio de Janeiro some years ago,

when invited out to a Quinta where, as I approached, the lady of the house snatched up her child in alarm and vanished, believing the approaching visitor to be afflicted with small-pox from the appearance of his face.

The wild flowers yielded much interest. First of all a species of cow-wheat, having yellow and orange flowers, set off by a diadem of purple bracts called Ivan-da-Maria, John and Mary, mustered its millions. Next came lilies of the valley, and *pyrola media*, with its almost equally delicate white bells, only fit for elfin ears; next the oak-fern and calcareum, with mas and femina in luxuriance. Also a catch-fly thriving on its little victims was noticed here and there. The suddenness and wealth of vegetation looks as if Nature were making a concentrative effort to counterbalance the weight of the long winter in her very brief summer. But although the sun is puissant, there is usually a gentle breeze underneath throughout the warm season.

Some days later we visited friends in quite another direction, but found the same elements, reminding one of southern climate and landscape, and which made it still difficult to realise that one was in Russia. In the evening we sat on the verandah till nearly midnight, overlooking a hay-field sloping towards a lakelet with woody islands, where warblers and nightingales were incessantly singing. Beyond that, the land stretched into reedy shallows of the wide estuary at the mouth of the Neva, or rather of the southern margin of the gulf itself. The twilight was reflected with all its most fascinating opalescent changes on the calm surface of silent water, while music, befitting the Italian mood of the scene, came softly from within the house. In the still grasses below us the corn-crakes did duty for cicále.

Next morning our hostess joined us as we wandered over her fields and woods, where we met with interesting plants, including winter-

green, water-avens, and the prickly fern. The fields were forests of butter-cup, cranesbill, and speedwell, whose golden pollen dusted our feet and ankles as we walked, while myriads of fairy-like, blue-grey butterflies, I think of the kind called Alexis, flitted merrily around us. The neighbouring pines crackled in the heat, and yet sighed with casual breaths of cool air. As we returned towards the house, we gathered long-purples by a pool, over which azure and emerald dragon-flies hovered fitfully. We also espied a golden oriole sitting on her nest just under a bough. Was there not cause to be pleased with first days in snowy Russia? "For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone!"

CHAPTER II.

NEXT morning was spent at the Hermitage (an adjunct of the Winter-Palace, built and named by the seldom-lonely Catharine), where much art-treasure of every description is gathered together, and forms a museum, save for its paucity of visitors, comparable with the best in Europe. There is a throng of nearly 2000 pictures of all schools; and amongst them shine several real masterpieces, notably the famous and ever beautiful Columbina of Luini, which was formerly at The Hague, and ought not to have left it: to see which I venture to think a true lover of the Da Vinci school would be amply repaid by the journey out.

A youthful and very lovely lady in a delicately-folding pale upper robe, figured with gold, and clasped, but gracefully displaying her left bosom and chest, is represented seated, holding in her left hand a violet columbine, which she contemplates with visible pleasure. Sprays of white jasmine lie in her lap-hand, whence a many flowering plant of wood-anemone is escaping. Her tunic is blue. Above her, as a sympathetic decoration to the picture, are painted, streaming and pendent, ivy-leaved toadflax on the right, and on the left a spleenwort. Her hair, naturally crisp, is neatly tired in small plaits. The lovingly faithful rendering of these flowers recalls the like delightful doings of rare Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, at Perugia. I do not see enough force, enough coldness, nor enough ruddiness in this work, to be satisfied it is by Andrea Solario, as some assert. At The Hague, like so many excellent Lombard works, it went erroneously under Leonardo's name. Here it is given to Bernardino Luini. Mr. Holford's replica is

uncommonly like Solario's work, and is very inferior to the picture described. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle describe the "toadflax" as "ivy," and the other flowers as "*weeds*," with characteristic inaccuracy!

The "Madonna" called "Litta," from a Milanese collection it once adorned, reminds one strongly of the colouring of Zenale. In fineness and firmness of character and general draughtsmanship, it looks like a beautiful design of rare Boltraffio. It is here given to Da Vinci. The scheme of colouring is, however, weirdly grey and reveals very experimental light and shade. The mother gives her breast to the infant Christ.*

Rembrandt is conspicuous with at least four superb examples, among which "Abraham at the table with the angels," a descent from the Cross, and a youthful "Jewess," in ornate

* Compare with it "Madonna and Child" in the Brera under the name of Francesco Napolitano; and another in the Poldi-Pezzoli collection by Bernardo de Conti!

oriental robes, having head-dress of flowers and her staff twined abundantly with the same, are especially noteworthy, though there is nothing here of his so captivating as the example in the Dulwich gallery.

Gerard Dow is well represented by his picture of a spectacled old housewife in a white puckered cap, reading at the double-columned pages of an antique volume.

Ferd. Bol has a fine portrait of Countess Nassau-Siegen. Also, be it noted, the original "Magdalen" which Titian painted for Philip II., at last greets one here.

Three most interesting signed examples of Sebastian del Piombo will not easily escape notice. One is a grand "pieta," having a summer landscape full of quiet serenity to throw out in relief the tragic affliction of the group around the dead Saviour. The natural force of ardent grief in the Magdalene is unsurpassed by any master whomsoever. Observe the face of the Saviour. The second work (on slate) repre-

sents Christ bearing His cross. The third is a noble life-like canvas portrait of the great Cardinal Pole; probably painted in 1536, when he was made Cardinal by Paul III. after being deprived of his English deanery and having a price put on his head by his royal master and relative, who, in revenge for unsuccess, it will be remembered, massacred all of the family he could lay hands on.

In Dutch pictures this gallery rivals Munich. Vandyke and Rubens are represented by acres, and might be agreeably decimated; but there is an especial screen hung with six beautiful landscapes by the latter, which alone furnish a morning's pleasure. The Connestabile-Staffa Madonna, bought from the Count Scipione Staffa at Perugia in 1871, is a minute work painted in the simple early manner of Perugino's best pupil. The painting is on a circle carven out of a square; frame and picture being in one piece. There is another small Raphael in the same room, representing St. George and the

Dragon, superior to the same subject in the Louvre. On the chest-band of the white charger the name of the master is written in gold. On the Saints' garter is the word "Honi." Its history is interesting. The picture was painted for Guidubaldo I. Duke of Urbino, as a present to King Henry VII., in return for the Order of the Garter, for bestowal of which the famous Count Baldassare Castiglione went to London to act as proxy. This picture is full of fascinating qualities, and detained us much longer than its fellow. (It is registered in the inventories of Henry VIII. and of Charles I.) Other pictures by the same master, the portrait, evidently, from his "medals," that of Sannazaro the poet, and a much retouched "Virgin, Child and St. Joseph" are, of course, worthy of attention; while any one who has seen the wondrous "guazzeto di rane" on the great Cupola at Parma, will find much interest in the sketch for it by Correggio himself.

Here then, setting aside all other works, is a

rare little banquet brought together munificently from various collections. The fairest portion of it was, I regret to say, lured out of Houghton in Norfolk, a hundred years ago, by the smart diplomacy of Catharine, the empress, for the sum of £35,000; and while I am writing, the old seat of the Walpoles itself is actually being bidden for in the sale-room. Note the portraits of the Whartons by Vandyke. To attempt to describe the urns of porphyry, tables overlaid with dark lapis, carved basins of precious marbles, candelabra of violet Siberian jasper; then the Urbino vases and Maestro Giorgio plates, and moresco lustre-ware;—the Limoges enamels, the Palissy ware; ivories, medals, caskets, crystals, watches, Japanese jewelleries, jade cups and rings, would be impossible here. Besides, there is the Kertch collection, the Scythian antiquities, the Greek and Roman statues and fragments, all calling for attentive devotion from the traveller. And this is almost the only spot in Russia or in the capitals, where

it can be said that wealth is abundantly present in subordination to art. For usually unlimited wealth is here meant to act as the substitute for Art—Oriental pomp of material for intellectual creativeness: money for mind.

Oh that reproaches could reach such people as George third Earl of Orford, who is only remembered now by the disgrace of disposing of his grandfather's noble collection, which was a national, as well as a county and a family pride! What would he say? Why, surely he would point (with his ghostly finger) to several equally notorious offenders of our own time, and proclaim that he had done poorly by comparison. The fact is perhaps patent that the right of disposal of unique heirlooms, though justly acquirable by circumstances, ought to be limited by law to the land they adorn. They should be insured by written law against quitting the country.

One evening about this time, we found ourselves on a steamer passing down the broadening

river out of the city, destined for Peterhof, some fifteen miles away, where the Tzar then stayed. The low fortified island of Cronstadt lay a few miles west of us, and the gilded cupolas of the great monastery of S. Sergius peeped over the dense woodland on the southern shore to our left. A carriage met us, and trotted us rapidly down dripping leafy lanes, sentinelled at every corner by ferocious-looking but picturesque mounted Circassians. The wild vanquished warriors of the Caucasus have now the special privilege of acting as body-guard to the Emperor, though they do not seem to have availed much (who could have?) at the moment when the fatal bomb ended the days of Alexander II. But their long dark-blue tunics, with red and brazen ornaments, their Astrachan hats, their swarthy untameable looks, and their curven swords certainly render them objects of timorous fascination.

Later we drove to the Imperial Gardens, where alternate bands were playing. A bold

bronze statue of Peter the Great, founder of the royal residence above, stands in the centre of the chief promenade. Military and police here on guard were so numerous, that the few visitors seemed ridiculously outwatched and outnumbered. When the band paused, the singing waters of the surrounding fountains and cascades mingled with the music of various evening songbirds in the trees. The sun had set now over the water, and from a little terrace of lime-trees we watched the play of light on the calm stretch of sea which at this point is some twenty miles across. The Empress and her sister-in-law drove about gaily enough. But the Tzar was not to be seen.

The fountains here are not to be lightly mentioned, and will bear a comparison with the best in Europe. Their magnificence reminds one of the Arabian Nights. One is simply a roofless marble temple with dark, perfect, grey columns, situated on a grassy recess, and between each pair of columns a steadfast jet of

water rises as if to mimic that support of the architrave which the marble gives. Another is composed of a broad flight of snowy marble steps, each step about two feet, the vertical sides being overlaid with gold sheet, so that when the waters leap down and the sun is streaming on it, the sight is matchless of its kind. Copies of well-known antique statues of deities, in gilded bronze, shine serenely among the shady ways of greenery, listening as it were to the soft melody of the water, and quite unmindful of Anxiety armed to the teeth who stalks among them. Such is imperial life in Russia! Splendour, tyranny, and terror!

It has been my surprise to hear of travellers who are disappointed with the appearance of Petersburg. Perhaps they have seen Moscow first. Yet Moscow is so different that it contrasts with its fellow city rather in the light of the ancient and the modern than in its fine features. Even the Florentine palaces, though original, seldom show to such noble advan-

tage as the best in the modern capital of the Tzar! Whereas the mighty Strozzi and Riccardi, and others, are isolated masterpieces, defrauded often by fronting narrow squalid streets, here you behold a superb line of royal palaces gazing freely over a spacious "river of waters," several times as broad as the Arno, and twice as wide as the Thames at Westminster. The enormous Winter-Palace is on the same south bank, and nearly facing it across the water glooms the huge fortress-prison of St. Peter and St. Paul, out of whose centre rises the lofty golden spire of the church under whose roof lie all but one of the sovereigns of Russia from Peter the Great down to the last murdered man. Around this sacred deposit of deceased majesty, its captive foes languish in dungeons, awaiting their doom. At noon a gun, placed at an angle of the fortress, announces to the prisoners that their fixed and fatal day is twenty-four hours nearer to them. And in that same tragic spot the cruel assassination of the late Tzar

was partly planned; yet how clear, how calm and holy, crowned with a fair cross borne by an "angel," does that arrowy spire stand against the cloudless heaven! Long after shadow has been poured out over the land, the sun still loves to linger there; thence too it proclaims to the world beneath the rising morn. Below it the great river flows grandly down to thë sea, with nature's usual majestic disregard for the fate and affairs of mankind.

Here too is performed the annual miracle of King Frost. This deep volume of water is firmly masked with steadfast ice for months, while, like deeds done in dream, the life moves below that iron fixed surface. The earth spirit is down there, and man dances, laughs, and is merry on the crust of ice, like the fly on the chariot-wheel, in his simple unthinking insignificance.

My host informs me that neither the "daffodils, which come before the swallow dares," nor

the swallows themselves, are the real harbingers of spring in this latitude, but rather the little snow-bunting (*emberiza nivalis*) or roadster, as the Russians call him. Then come the geese in their well-known wedges, swans, ducks, and divers innumerable, making for the northern sea. Soon towards dawn-rise, in the depths of the forest the "tuck, tuck, tuck" of the capercailzie alternates with the "tal, tal, tal" of the merry woodpecker, and the graceful tree-grouse whistles plaintively among the pines; while the bear rises from his lair, and the ants swarm in their conical hills.

Then indeed comes the grand break-up of the ice,—its motion seawards in glistening masses, millions of tons: and the glorious river-spirit is once more triumphant, and shines in its renewed freedom, singing down to the Baltic Sea.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY one morning we took our train on the Finland railway for Wiborg, where we arrived after four hours' journey. The approach to this old port is not pleasing. Its streets too are tortuous and dirty. There is an ancient castle in ruin, which, despite the most dignified associations of history, closely resembles a superannuated soap-factory. Battle has beautified it: Man has despoiled it. It overlooks the bay of Transund, whence a steamer will bear us, for some hours to come, by a long canal which links many smaller lakes, towards the huge central lake of Saima. We are now gliding between some extensive wooden

breakwaters, and the broken-down castle is the last of Wiborg left visible.'

After some hours of exposure to a burning sun, passing through many well-made lochs, and descrying many an inviting country residence, we glided into real lakeland, and finally disembarked at Rättijärvi. The inn there was so besieged by naval cadets, out for a holiday, that our refreshments arrived very slowly, and the diligence or waggonette by which we were to continue to Imatra, appeared only after some display of firmness towards the landlord. Once started, our three steeds galloped us merrily down-hill along an excellent road, between dense forests of birch and pine. Little bare-footed, flaxen-haired urchins with uncommonly pleasing faces, pursued us with baskets, &c. of birch-bark, for sale. The undergrowth of the woodland here presented a far wilder appearance than the Russian woodland, owing chiefly to the continual presence of large granitic boulders clothed with moss, fern, and seedling pines.

The landscape also undulated interestingly in places. But where bold clearings of wood, or garts, had been made for agricultural purposes, the result was never promising. A bare boulder would stand up here and there in the field, and the poor ploughman would be seen coaxing every available inch from under its stern projecting sides. A little dynamite from Russia would do immense profit for the husbandman in Finland. Among flowers were noticed several cranesbills of various shades of crimson; a large Daphne (?), some water-arums, and an abundant tall fern of the bracken genus. The birch trees presented a curious appearance to the passer-by, having every one of them had circular strips of bark removed from their trunks at different dates, which caused the incised portion to display handsome tones of madder or crimson, foiling attractively the natural silver. As the sun sets behind the forests phantom-like mists rise in the cold hollows of the fields and depths of the road, filling them

very weirdly. We wrapped our coats a little closer, and the breath and steam of our horses nearly concealed them from us.

We reached Imătră, famous for perhaps the grandest rapids in Europe, at six o'clock, and while supper was being collected for us at the hotel, we wandered down the green sloping garden beside the terrific torrent, to a point of vantage, whence we could look back up the long slanting gorge. The term "falls" does no justice to the glorious sight, nor, to our thinking, does "rapid." What words could express the untameable force, the snowy magnificence, the sweeping terror of that descending river? The Vuoksa here plunges down a sudden granite channel for half a mile, with a wild roar which can be heard a league away, and can never be forgotten. In the course of ages it has eaten out its straight path, and has left dark iron cliffs on either side overhanging it. The force is said to be so great as to tear into fine splinters the barrels that are thrown into it. It reminded me of

lost armies of angels, legions of ruined plumes, hurrying to hopeless perdition. Compared with it, Terni and Tivoli seem mere toys.

Light springless carts (which were more tolerable for air-cushions) were here substituted for the diligence, and we drove to Siitola, where the river calmly spreads itself out, and can be crossed in a ferry by making a scientific use of the currents at a certain point. The falls of Imäträ are still heard growling, three miles further down. Here, then, we passed the river Vuoksa; carts, horses, and all. This proceeding, at first sight, is decidedly alarming; but the proper angle being gained by rowing, the force of the current serves for the rest: so the last stage of our journey was entered on. In half an hour more we reached the little wooden English club-house, through its fir-woods, overlooking the still, starlit lake Saima, with the wide rapids of its débouchement, which there form a torrent eighty yards broad, flanked by dark, lonesome pine-forests.

Haraka-Niska (or Magpie Point)! The morning is not old ere we wander down the adjoining woodland. The sun pours his full summer strength between the willing boughs of sloping forest. A soft, wandering breeze trembles even the smallest shrubs and ferns. Everywhere, and in all positions, more or less adorned with mosses, pine needles and lichens, are to be seen those granite boulders, which have been rounded by the friction of prehistoric glaciers and placed where they now are, long, long before the ancestors of these ebon pines settled here. A few feet below me, overshadowed by weeping birch, blithe mountain-ash and quivering poplar, eddies a crystal backwater of the stream over sand and pebble. Out beyond, however, the main river raves as it descends from the lake above. The roar of it deafens and paralyses all other notes or noises; for it rushes and sweeps headlong in mighty waving squadrons over the giant rocks and hidden boulders. Up higher, through the

thinner foliage, one can see it in still fuller glory—as it were a field of tossing plumes, or as a sapphire sky with barbed and charging silver cloudlets, enclosed by dark banks of contemplative pine-forest. The real heaven above it is of a pale grey-blue, and one cloud sails over it. But see how the volumes of swift water slide and glide in gulfing sweeps that break into a furious surge where some Titanic boulder sets his smothered front against it, and tosses the whole river, as it were, lightly over his head in mad storms of spray. Even the foam scarcely seems able to abide this demonic riot; but is beaten, and burst, and drawn under. There are no creaming blotches of it eddying in any tranquil recesses, as in swift streams. And this river, as it now dashes down from its quiet parent lake, has been grinding its own channel in that manner for thousands of years, unused by man!—a fact which this commercial-minded age of manufactures will no doubt heartily lament.

Behind and above me, on the firm primeval ground, fresh ferns and wild flowers (especially the berry-bearing ones) joyfully abound. There are cranberry, cowberry, and strawberry; cow-wheat, with its slippers of gold; *calcareum*, delicate and inclined to shrink; the single silver star of the winter-green, lily of the valley, and the like-scented *pyrola uniflora*. Here, then, is a paradise of nature. The thunder of waters may tremble the rock-rooted woodland, but imparts no fierceness to it. Calm and storm, strength and tenderness, are here inter-married under the unclouded sun of too brief a summer.—Think of the winter!

Fishing from a small native boat above the fall, till sunset, proved rewarding, and an eleven-pound lake-trout was soon landed. Sitting out on the rocky knoll in front of the well-situated little club-house, a clear view of the water, with its fir-freighted islands beyond to the immediate commencement of the rapids below, is obtained. The water glides smoothly

over its first bar, driving into its fine channel with increasing force and violence. The sun went down very slowly over the trees on the islands. Now and then, a solitary wild-duck passed, 'twixt the woodlands up to the lake at marvellous speed. Thousands of soudak-flies now appeared (I should say millions), and night-jars shot and tumbled gracefully, like swallows, among them, as they fell by tired myriads into the laughing water. Fish rose constantly; but rising and biting are two different things. Twilight now began, and opalescent tones quite rainbowed the silken water as it gave to the fall. The trees around, and the eddies beneath, became perfectly embrowned with the winged hordes, which revelled for more than another hour, till the moon lifted herself tawnily in the weird gap of river and forest, and the melancholy notes of a sandpiper came from a distant islet, over the hush of our first night in Finland.

CHAPTER IV.

SPORT, then, chiefly consisted in trolling for the *salmo ferox* (which is caught up to twenty-four pounds above the fall), in fly-fishing for trout, or grayling (up to four pounds), below the fall in the ruffled back-waters. The peasants employed usually rowed us about in their country cockles, and used their skilled experience and strong arms as safeguards against the suction or grasp of the waters. One of the men used occasionally to shoot these rapids in grand style to his great risk. It was a feat not to be encouraged. Many fine fish lay silverly on green juniper sprays next evening. But sport did not continue long. The fish

soon became lazy, through gorging the before-mentioned soudak-flies, and sport gave way to botanical wanderings for a day or two; though we never failed to take advantage of the latest hours of night, or early morning, for a persevering troll, scarcely ever returning without trophies of some sort.

One is constantly struck, as the reader may have noticed, by the abundance of berry-bearing plants, which, to be sure, are compensative here to the almost grainless peasant, and are, no doubt, sweet banquets to the bear when on his vegetarian tack. Of other plants, greater skull-cap, water-crowfoot, several orchises, hemp-nettle, four kinds of pyrola, herb-paris, and several cotton-grasses, were to be found in any morning's ramble.

Before the birch-trunk breaks into its split and rutted character it blossoms into grey and brown lichens; so that silver, steel-blue, and olive-brown make up its colouring. In Finland the tree is seen to great perfection of character.

The pine-trunk, with its peeling flakes of reddish scale-armour, together with its own grey lichens, often resembles slag from the furnace.

The juniper owes its drooping character partly to the young green shoots wherein the weighty sap is much collected.

It is remarkable how far the eye, taking diplomatic advantage of the to-and-fro swaying of the trees, can see into a wood; and in these dense forests, shadow itself becomes a ruler of the destiny of many a plant for generations.

I was tempted to make these casual observations when lost by wandering in a swampy wood, not knowing by cloud or compass which way to turn. Except a forlorn curlew that piped and wheeled in the rainy air above, all was deadly silence. After two hours' hard walking and plunging, I fortunately took a right track, and was proportionately grateful, being quite cured of further desire to wander at random in such a country as the "land of lakes."

Finland is by its natives called Suomesimaa

(or swamp-land, fen-land); and although so starved in soil compared with Russia, in many other respects it is more than abreast of its great neighbour. The people are prouder, more hard-working, and cleanlier. They have a parliament, a press, and a coinage of their own: the Tzar, as before remarked, being only Grand-Duke of Finland. Their physiognomical aspect produces an agreeable impression; while their firm roads are genuine luxuries after those in Russia; and a people who make and preserve good roads are sure to be an orderly and progressive people. Here, with leave from the *Standard*, I will quote some of my companion's well-digested accounts of a most important factor in Finnish life. "This consists, he says, in the difference in race and language between the mass of the people and the majority of their cultivated class. The latter are of Swedish origin, and use, almost exclusively, the Swedish tongue. The former are Turanians, allied in non-Russian Europe only to the Magyars and

Turks. They speak a language philologically the representative of that in which the Chaldees taught their wisdom of old; and perhaps some remains of that ancient lore may be found in the arts and incantations of Lapland witches. The course of the Finnish migration may be traced by remnants of tribes, such as Tcheremisses and Voguls, still found on the banks of the Volga; and there is abundant evidence that at one time they occupied all northern Russia from south of the latitude of Moscow.

"The language of the modern Finns bears testimony to their former contact with the Letts of Kourland; and Professor Thomson of Copenhagen has illustrated the powerful influence exercised upon it by the Teutonic languages, chiefly, of course, Swedish. Fifteen cases and five infinitive moods sound alarming; but nevertheless Finnish has long since served as the vehicle for an epic outpouring, which by the learned is compared to the Nibelungenlied. It is not, perhaps, generally known that 'Kale-

vala,' this Finnish epic, furnished Longfellow not merely with the metre for 'Hiawatha,' but with some of the chief incidents—indeed with the leading idea. 'Hiawatha,' in fact, is the Indian 'Wainamoinen.' Both introduce civilisation amongst their people; and each, his task ended, sails away over the western waters into the sunset."

The following paragraph may be a surprise to some :—

"Religion in Finland is still a living power, and therefore a most important factor in the moral, social, and intellectual life of the country. The priests or pastors have great influence, and exercise it for good. Until a few years ago, the education of the masses was entirely in their hands, and though they did not set up a high standard, they made the total, barbarous ignorance which may be found in parts of England impossible. He who did not communicate was a Pariah; and no one was admitted to Holy Communion who could not at least read his prayers and catechism."

When, not long since, a gallant Admiral of the Fleet was conversing with me as to what would happen in case of an outbreak with Russia, I heard him say that the coast of Finland and the trade there would be "severely worried." If there is one country in Europe which deserves peculiarly English sympathy—that country is honest, hardworking, independent Finland. Its commercial progress, its prosperity, mainly depends on England, and every possible stimulus to trade with Finland should be encouraged.

On Friday, July ——, we left Haraka, being rowed by the peasants in the early morning to a point about a mile up the lake, where a weekly steamboat duly took us on board for a four-hour voyage to Willmanstrand, far away up in the bright solitudes of the lake. The effect of some of the wooded islands at a distance, was precisely that of emerald ships under full sail in a silver sea.

At eleven o'clock, the sun glared from the

white houses and red roofs in the gardens of civilised Willmanstrand to our left, and we were once more ashore and on our way back to Petersburg. Two hours' drive through forest and over plain, however, still remained between us and Simola, where the train would be caught.

Our landlord at the hotel proved obliging in every respect. Amongst other things he told us that a certain English peer had left him that morning on his departure from Russian dominions, having displeased the authorities by setting his peculiar religious springes in the strictly-preserved covers of the Greek Church. We afterwards learned that his converts were heavily punished by fines, with temporary banishment to their estates.

A man may be Turk, Lutheran, Buddhist, or Roman, and some even with exile what he pleases, and remain unmeddled with in Russia, enjoying the country to his heart's content; but he is courteously trusted not to interfere with a

proud state-religion, nor to tamper with the beliefs of its children. In England for so doing he would be looked upon as a self-righteous and impertinent, but not uncommon, phenomenon: in Russia he is spied as a dangerous poacher, and is dealt with accordingly.

At one point our road took us over an enormous embedded and flattened boulder, which is pointed out as a natural curiosity. Otherwise the forest and occasional farmsteads and pools with water-lilies and green dragon-flies, were the only notable objects. We reached the capital in a golden sunset.

CHAPTER V.

A COMFORTABLE night journey by the famous "straight-line" railway brought us in sunshine to Moscow. From the station to the Slavianski Bazaar Hotel, in the Kitai Gorod or Chinese town, as it is called, is half-an-hour's drive, and one therefore which is calculated to give some impression of the city itself, though it by no means gives the best.

The first fact that strikes one is the amount of colour present; the second, the irregularity of form. The green roofs, the gilded cupolas, the uneven streets, the unequal houses, succeeded each other on every side. Are we in

Europe?—This almond-eyed Japanese, that sallow, curly-hatted Persian, or yonder sneaking Armenian, conveys the idea to you that you may be in Asia; but it is certainly called Moscow. You are, anyhow, in an oriental city, not in a European. And see: there, surely enough, is a large kite, the scavenger of the East, circling gracefully above those towers, on the look-out for unpleasant things—like a critic.

Moscow used to be a walled town with many gates, and one of the first surprises to the traveller must be recognising fourteenth-century Italian work of the Veronese style in the battlemented walls that remain. If he recollects the long sweeping Ghibelline wall that scales the mountain-side behind Verona, or the fine old bridge that crosses the rapid Adige opposite the Castello, he will at once remark the relationship. These walls, however, date nearly two centuries later than those, but were nevertheless constructed by Italians employed by Ivan III. The noblest portion

THE TOWER OF IVAN VELIKI, AND THE GREAT BELL.—*p.* 52.

of these picturesque walls (useful as well as beautiful, like all good work) is that which encloses the Kremlin or acropolis, which we enter through a lofty arch beneath a tower called the Nikolski or Nicholas gate, on which is fastened the celebrated wonder-working image of St. Nicholas, that so miraculously escaped damage when Napoleon attempted to destroy the tower above it. The glass even was not cracked, nor was the lamp that hung before it.

We passed into an open irregular roughly-paven space between high buildings and many-cupola'd churches,—a palace here, a monastery there, churches everywhere, until we reached the great white tower of Ivan Veliki. At the foot stands the well-known broken "King of Bells." We followed Goethe's practice of obtaining a general view over the city and surroundings by ascending to a vantage-point.

Tier by tier, each hung with huge bells, we rise, obtaining restful glimpses of the city and

the river Moskva winding below us. A sea of green-roofs lies beneath us, islanded with hundreds of blue, green, gold and silver cupolas. Churches abound. Some have eight, some ten, some thirteen of these shining domes finishing in delicate crosses. My companion had been a fortunate witness of the magnificent illumination of Moscow, at the late coronation of the Emperor, and gave me an idea of the manner of scenes, by day and by night, presented from this wondrous point: steeples, gateways, cupolas and towers, as well as the battlemented walls, having been wreathed and garlanded with lamps and lanterns, till the city was a dream of glory, a miracle of light and life.

But imagine the bright colouring by day on that occasion—when all the pomp of Byzantine worship, when all the heraldic pageantry of the mightiest of earthly empires, intermingled with the wealth and splendour that Asia could send! The white cool turban beside the jewelled caftan. Swarthy Nubians in rich green silks,

THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION AND PALACE. – *p.* 54.

groups of wild chieftains from the Caucasus, the Khans of Khiva and Bokhara resplendent with inlaid arms and jewels; glittering pennons of strange tribes from the far East; the red-spear-shafts of mounted Cossacks; Calmucks from the Caspian, Sarts from Tashkend, black Kirghese, and Turcomans in gowns and tunics of precious brocade ablaze with gems! Picture these, and then set an azure sky above them, and cause the deep-toned bells of over three hundred churches to storm joyfully in the air, and you will have but a faint idea even of my friend's description, far less of the actuality.

Immediately opposite us, at one point, we gazed down upon the stately marble stairs which descend outside the palace, called "the beautiful," which face the Cathedral of the Assumption, and which the Tzar, radiant with jewels, and wearing the diadem with the "Orloff" diamond, had on that occasion descended slowly to his crowning; the pale little lady-empress, all-glorious, and with kings' daughters

for her honourable women, following him : the choir chanting the psalm of "Mercy and Justice."

It was at the top of these stairs also, three hundred and fifty years before, that Ivan the Terrible pierced the foot of a faithful messenger with his pointed staff, and then leaned on it while he read his letter: the poor victim of this atrocity, so tradition goes, never flinching the while.

Other dreadful things have happened there; but we are now coming down in order to visit the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, which is next to the "Assumption," and was the mausoleum of the Tzars until Peter the Great. Nearly fifty princes, altogether, lie here. So we say farewell to the Tower.

The jewels on the eikons in this church are of exceptional size, and the vessels and vestments are mostly real treasures. A single emerald, in one eikon, is valued at R8000, and the worship offerings of that alone, we are informed, bring in R50,000 per annum. The

decorations, however, are uncouthly grandiose, displaying much gold, gloomy paintings, and the solemn tombs. The atmosphere is not religiously intellectual, but oppressive and superstitious.

In the tombs a tragic interest centres. Next to the altar lies "Ivan the Terrible," who, with the exception of his not quite contemporaneous Louis XI. of France, and Henry VIII. of England, (whom he out-rivalled in the number of his wives), was perhaps the most inhuman despot of modern times. Close by him lies his murdered son Dmitri and another of his victims. Here the air positively trembles with disgust, not at the remembrance of prodigious crimes, but as one sees the living peasant of to-day pass in front of us to deliberately kiss the tomb of the tyrant. Is that the way towards freedom? Is Russia still so dark as this? we fondly ask!

The sacristan informs us that the French desecrated this church by turning it into a den of commercial thieves; and that they took the

poor murdered Dmitri out of his tomb, and robbed the silver from his shrine, which reminds us that a little before that, during the revolution, they treated their own favourite Henry IV. in like manner, till his body was hung up in a chemist's shop and finally sold piecemeal. But to any but us, who boast not the superior blessing of being born Frenchmen, such things are not odd nor remarkable.

In Moscow, then, we do not see Byzantine art really breaking into but *welded* to Gothic. We do not see Renaissance superseding both, as in some parts of Europe, but we see a nucleus of stagnated Byzantine art. That is, the style or type adopted and adhered to by the Greek Christian Church: the same that can be studied in more elaborate development at St. Mark's in Venice; the same art (through a different channel, however) that adorns the churches at Ravenna, and the same that, with Saracenic and Norman elements, reveals itself in the Martorana and S. Giovanni degli Eremiti, at Palermo.

From Byzantium, then, came the type of all old Russian churches; but in the Cathedral of St. Petersburg you are face to face with full-blown Renaissance. This is the keynote of difference 'twixt Moscow and the modern capital. In Moscow, if we except the Gothic walls of the Kremlin and certain of its gate-towers, there is scarcely a tone of Western influence. And even these gate-towers, by their colouring and plastic adaptation on the part of their designers, partake of an Oriental cumbrousness not proper to Lombard-Gothic instincts.

The bulk of influence has emanated from old Byzantium—the later and minor influences from thirteenth and fourteenth century Northern Italy! And the presence of these exceptions is due chiefly to the destructive struggles with Tartars and Poles for the possession of Holy Moscow, at periods when the genius of Italy triumphantly dictated, more or less, to the art of every other country; when her spirit was poured out over Europe; when the

fruit of her intellectual vine fell into the mouths of the eaters!

In no other direction has free and progressive Italian art gained upon the defensive restrictiveness of Byzantine traditions in Moscow. Hence there is no living joy, no affectionate regard for nature, observable in the lavish decorations of these grand and wealthy shrines. The gloom of the East is there as well as it splendour. In them, strength is without joy, solidity is without lightness or grace, and skill is without invention. And over all—"barbaric pearls and gold."

There is one extraordinary building which is partly an exception to the general characterisation of Muscovite churches, and that is the church of "St. Basil the Beatified," which, despite its appearance, was designed by an Italian, and which occupied the last half of the sixteenth century in construction.

As it is unlike any other building in the world, to my knowledge, it is somewhat difficult to reduce it into verbal description. But inas-

CHURCH OF ST. BASIL.—*p.* 60.

much as it is the most striking object in this most remarkable city, it cannot be passed over: so I will, in brief, attempt to convey some idea of it.

The mass of the edifice distinctly tends to a lofty elongated pyramid: but from the grotesque extensions of myriad-windowed buildings which cluster beneath, around, and finally crowd up to the great central tower, rise up four nearly equal-heighted and equal-distanced octagonal towers, in due vassalage to their central and far loftier sovereign, which consists of a broad octagon supporting a smaller octagon, and surmounted by a tall octagonal steeple, which, in turn, is crowned with a small golden cupola, wherefrom a light gleaming cross lifts itself: while they, the lesser towers, are also octagonal in form, though plentifully disguised by decorative mouldings, and are each topped by a diversely-variegated, reversed-balloon-like cupola, likewise supporting a final cross. Between each of these lower towers occurs a smaller one displaying

still further variations of colour and form. Also, at still lower angles from the spreading body of the church, rise unequal green and golden steeples. The predominating colours of the building are red, green, and white; but in the extremely differentiated cupolas, crimson, gold, mauve, and violet, are conspicuous, with spiral bands, stripes, or facets.

Here, then, is a most extraordinary structure, distinctly Byzantine in its decorative effect: in fact, a *tour-de-force* of grandiose humour, of almost Chinese *naïveté*, on the part of its ingenious and inventive author. The impression it gives one is that, tired and disgusted with the stagnant monotony of the Byzantine church-architecture around him, this worthy son of Italy determined to produce the utmost possible variety, subordinate to its main style, that the Eastern type was capable of; and he has, perhaps, been at some pains to disguise and conceal the Italian tendency of his central brick-tower. The fabric is a work of unmistakeable genius.

But this church will remain an eccentric, orchid-like exception to the family to which it belongs: it is as different to its fellows as the lyre-bird of Australia is to the wren of England, though both are wrens. It is inimitable; and an old, though doubted, story clings to it, that Ivan put out the eyes of its architect in order to insure himself against the raising of any rival edifice. It is a rare instance of an architect being permitted, even diplomatically, to subordinate the Byzantine traditions to his own invention; and as such, I venture to think it worthy of more consideration than uncritical condemnation usually awards it, or than is meted out to it by those who only feel their opinions to be jeopardised in doing otherwise than abusing what is strange enough to give them pause.

The present church was erected by Ivan in commemoration of his conquest of Kazan, but was named in honour of a fanatical pauper who worked miracles on the spot, and who is there enshrined and immortalised.

CHAPTER VI.

FINELY situated at the extremity of the Kremlin, immediately overlooking the battlemented wall, and commanding free view over the land, stands the immense modern palace of the Tzar, heralded, as it were, by the great white tower of Ivan Veliki, and guarded by those many-cupola'd little cathedrals. It is a nineteenth-century mixture of French and Italian, with Moresque mouldings. It is as square and as lofty, as mechanical and as monotonous in its appearance, at any rate, as imperial barracks are wont to be. It is toned with reddish wash like the Winter-Palace at St. Petersburg: and thus we quit its exterior to enter the silent

apartments that last year thronged with crowned heads.

The chief feature within consists of a succession of superb halls dedicated to the Orders of the several patron saints of Russia, namely, St. George, St. Andrew, St. Alexander Nevsky, St. Catharine, and St. Vladimir. The decoration of each hall is according to the colours of the Order. That of St. George, perhaps the very noblest hall in Europe, has furniture of black and orange; that of St. Andrew has its walls hung with blue silk; while those of the other Orders are respectively treated with pink and gold and black, with red silk. On the walls are inscribed in golden letters the names of members of the Order.

And here, one is struck with a seeming paradox. It is nothing remarkable when European nations rush to arms, being Christians, that they should each equally invoke the Ruler of Heaven, the Deity of Love, as the God of Battles. But in the cases of England and

Russia they go still further. These nations charge and destroy each other in the name of the same saints—St. George and St. Andrew, the senior order of knighthood in Russia being St. Andrew, while the most coveted military distinction is the cross of the Order of St. George. The saints resemble the gods in the Iliad if they patronise both then! Do they wink as we write it?

We lingered long admiring the splendid proportions of the hall of this latter saint (which measures in length two hundred feet, in breadth seventy feet, and in height sixty feet), peopling it with the magnificent throngs of the coronation festival, and the charming view from the balcony at the end of it. But we were glad at last when we quitted the almost endless modern portions of the palace, and entered the *Terem*, or portion anciently devoted to the seclusion of the royal ladies. And although the furniture and ornaments within are for the most part modern replicas, they are so ex...

THE PALACE FROM THE RIVER MOSKWA. – *p.* 66.

and appropriate as not to much injure the sense of originality.

It was in this same portion that after much official impertinence and many irritating discourtesies, the Ambassador of Charles II., Charles Howard, Earl of Carlisle, was admitted to the presence of the Tzar Alexis Michaelovitz in the year 1663, bearing noble gifts of plate (which are still shown in the treasury), &c., in threescore sledges. "The whole consisted of vessels of gold and silver, in cloth, velvets, satins, and damask of divers colours; there was also great quantities of stuffs and table-linen, two gold watches, three clocks, two pair of pistols (memorials of Charles I.), one gun, and two carabins, besides six pieces of cast cannon, a great quantity of Cornish tynne, and a hundred piggs of lead."

"We began," says the writer of the account, "to set out about ten o'clock in the morning, the gentlemen on horseback two and two, all richly habited, their hats covered with fair

plumes of feathers, which did principally attract the eyes of the Muscovites, with whom the streets, the shops, the gates, and the windows did swarm."

As none of the guide-books and compilations seem to quote this somewhat scarce and picturesque account, I will venture to give one or two significant and vivid passages anent the curious embassy and this very interesting locality :—

"In the Ambassador's sledge there was the secretary and the chief interpreter, standing and uncovered; the secretary carrying in his hands, upon a yard of red damask, his letters of credence written in parchment; whose superscription contained all the titles of the Tzar in letters of gold. Behind the Ambassador their came none but the master of the horse on horseback.

"In this manner we past thorow the Tzar's guards, who were drawn up in ranks on both sides of us, reaching to the very bottom of the

stairs of the Hall, thorow which we were to pass to audience. Near the castle gate we found another regiment of guards drawn up also in very good order. A while after we past thorow another regiment in one of the courts of the castle, and in this place we saw a great number of fair cannon planted on one side, and the other with the cannoniers by them, and ready, in appearance, to fire upon us from all parts. From thence we passed to another court filled also with guards; but when we came to the gate of a passage thorow which we were to go, all that were in sladdes or on horseback, alighted. Those who were to go up into the Hall of Audience were constrained to leave their swords behind them, it not being permitted for anybody to pass any further with them by their sides, for the prevention of which ceremony, his Excellence and my Lord Morpeth carried none with them. When we had gone some paces this way (which is a way peculiar to Christian Ambassadors, those of Infidel

princes being carried another), there was a Boyar came to meet the Ambassador and complimented him from the great Duke. From thence we came to a great stone gallery, where another Boyar received his Excellence with another compliment. And from thence we came into a hall thorow which we were to pass into that of the audience, and here it was we saw the guards of the Tzar's body in a most splendid equipage, their vests of velvet being lined with sables, their caps richly adorned with pearles and precious stones, and their very partisans covered with gold and silver. Neare the door of the Hall of Audience the Ambassador received a third compliment from the Tzar's own cousin. After which we opened to the right and left, and the Ambassador entered first into the Hall; after him, my Lord Morpeth, and then the gentlemen and the pages.

"And here it was we were like those who coming suddenly out of the dark are dazzled

with the brightness of the sun: the splendour of their jewels seeming to contend for priority with that of the day: so that we were lost, as it were, in the confusion of glory. The Tzar, like a sparkling sun (to speak in the Russian dialect), darted forth most sumptuous rays, being most magnificently placed upon his throne with his sceptre in his hand, and having his crown upon his head. His throne was of massy silver, gilt; wrought curiously on the top with several works and pyramids, and being seven or eight steps higher than the floor, it rendered the person of this Prince transcendently majestic. His crown (which he wore upon a cap lined with black sables) was covered quite over with precious stones. It terminated towards the top in the form of a pyramid with a golden cross at the spire. The sceptre glistered also all over with jewels. His vest was set with the like from the top to the bottom down the opening before, and his collar was answerable to the same.

"By his side he had four of the tallest of his lords standing below his throne; each of them with his battle-axe upon his shoulder, and with a profound gravity casting their eyes now and then on their Tzar, *as inviting us to an admiration of his grandeur.* Their *habits* were no less remarkable than their countenances, being all four of them from the top of their head to the sole of their foot clothed in white vests of ermine, and having great chains of gold, and their caps of that large sort which they use in their ceremonies. But whereas others were of black-fox, these were of ermine as well as their vests. Their very boots also were covered with the same.

"But that which was further admirable, was the glorious equipage of the Boyars present at this audience, who were as so many beams of the sun elevated in his triumphal car; and seemed to have no lustre, but to do homage withal to their great monarch. They were about two hundred, clothed all with vests of

cloth of gold, all placed in order upon benches covered with tapistry round about by the wall.

"This was the splendour we found the great Prince in, with countenance perfectly majestic, as having not only the advantage of a handsome proportion, but of a lively and vigorous age; for this was but his four-and-thirtieth year."

The seclusion of the women in oriental fashion, in this part of the palace, is said to have had its origin in the ancient superstition attached to the evil eye, by which it was feared the royal race would suffer. Von Mayenberg, German Ambassador to Moscow in the year previous to Lord Carlisle, states that "out of a thousand courtiers, there will hardly be found one who can boast of having seen the Tzaritsa, or any of the sisters or daughters of the Tzar. Even their doctors are not permitted to behold them." And Lord Carlisle having "demanded to visit the great Duchess and the young princes," was refused "upon this ground, that it was not their custom. Indeed, the Tzar's wives live

there very retired, and his sons appear not in public, till they are twelve years old." Natalia Narischkin, mother of Peter the Great, broke through this narrow custom; and her son, when Tzar, did away with it altogether in his desire to assimilate Russia to the rest of Europe.

We were shown the rooms occupied by Peter the Great, and by his foul-fated, weak-minded son, Alexis, the last resident here, who was afterwards put to death in the fortress of Petersburg, by his father's commands. As in the case of the House of the Romanoffs, the stairs here are so narrow, the doors and ceiling so low, that we wonder whether the original inhabitants were not dwarfs, or Laplanders!

Amongst other points of interest were shown the c pel of the Redeemer, and the chamber where the loaves presented to the Tzar on his visits to Moscow are kept. For it is a strict custom to offer him bread and salt the giving of the last substance being considered in

Russia a sign of good fortune, and therefore precisely as much the reverse of western notions as are the associations of the opal and the peacock in Asia.

In a room hard-by, having received the tonsure, and habited as a mere monk, having wedded and murdered seven wives, and having deluged Moscow with blood, Ivan the Terrible, the vampire of the Kremlin, breathed his last, in agonies of mind and body.

CHAPTER VII.

IF there is a sense of joyous vantage in contemplating, from some tower in its midst, a great city that is quite new to us, we certainly experience a similar pleasure in viewing it from a distance,—from some high place that is quite beyond it. As Rome would appear from the Tower of Cecilia Metella, similarly would Moscow appear (but more to advantage) from the *Vorobyóvy Gory*, or "Sparrow Hills," as they are called. The drive to them is brief and dusty, but repaying. Vast thunderclouds threatened us, but eventually marched their mighty storming cavalcade behind the great shining city, relieving the multitude of golden

domes against its sombre base; while solemn cloud-leaders strode high in the perfect azure of summer noon-day. A few random drops helped a little to arrest the dust, which had become annoying, ere we gained a spot commanding a stately ring of noiseless, gliding river, at the foot of a woodland ridge,—and the hundred-towered city stood out beyond and above.

On our left lay the Smolensk road, along which the brave army of France welcomed Moscow, and where we stand, the eyes of the gladdened Bonaparte first surveyed the glorious city itself. "*It is high time*," said he. And under their serene brevity, do not these words speak volumes—of the labour recompensed in prospect, the painful marches endured and rewarded, the anxiety of arduous months at last brought to a close?

Here, then, he stood, with the morrow and victory in front of him, as it had so often been before; looking through Moscow to St. Petersburg, through capital to crown! Little dreamed

he of lowering destiny that was to deprive victory of its triumph, and, for a time, to rend the veil of ambition. "Who would have believed that a people would burn their own capital?" Is it only a traveller's tale that the fire-enringed scorpion will sting itself to death?

His grand Asiatic scheme,—all the empire of the world, here presented itself in one glorious vision. There beat the heart and pride of Russia, bared and immoveable before him: steadfast as the ground beneath his own feet. This was no dream of poet or illusion of necromancer, magic as its beauty seemed. It could not and should not now escape him. Even thus he had looked down from the blinding snows of the Alps upon the level plains of Lombardy, sleeping far below him; even so he had surveyed Alexandria ere he landed his men to certain triumph; and so, belike, he afterwards gazed from time-worn Calais toward the silver cliffs of hated England! The cry of his faithful veterans

to their spurless faltering troops, for weeks, had been "Moscow, Moscow," till their haggard steeds understood and rallied at the word. And here *was* Moscow! Though, even then, the cunning and careful Count Rostopchin was providing disaster for the conquerors; and contriving, if possible, a grave for the victor.

Let us turn to another undying association with these green humble hills, that are cool with shade and fragrant with wild flowers. For it is there, also, that the forlorn exiles, like birds of passage, are assembled in yonder prison, ere they set forth on the dreadful year-long journey to Siberia, singing their sad songs and gazing on their calm holy mother, Moscow, for the last time, with longing hearts and streaming eyes. Children, wives, parents, perhaps, are parted from them; and must their adored Moscow, with her crowns of lovely towers, with the beloved music of her glorious bells, fade entirely upon eye and ear, too, ere to-morrow? Who shall give words to the bitter depth and

solemn sweetness of those "farewells?"—Poor souls, they have gone as others before *have* gone; and more still *will* go. And to the mocking tyrant Double-Eagle, who rules the wide land, and, like a dragon of old, drains it of blood and treasure, these heart-broken exiles, even these banished thousands, are as mere "sparrows of the Hills!"

It may be "pleasant," as the author of the last compilement on Russia states, "to enjoy fresh rusks and butter" at the restaurant on these hills: but for our less cultured selves, we would prefer some other place.

Here then we have Moscow of the Greek Church; Moscow of the tyrants; Moscow of Napoleon; and finally, Moscow of the exiles. There is enough to be said about each to fill volumes, for there is blood upon every brick, a tragedy in every corner of her, as there is in Rome: but the sunlight of her oriental streets hides all. One city, indeed, telleth another!

But ere we quit Moscow, let us turn for a

THE GOTHIC WALL OF THE KREMLIN BESIDE THE RIVER.—*p.* 85.

moment to view her by night, for now is that very witching hour, although the summer twilight forbids full darkness.

The white walls and glowing domes have not burned away with the blazing sunlight, though the surging life has gradually ebbed from the streets and open-places. A cool breath, as of wild lilies and meadow-sweet, from the southern plains where day-rain has freshly fallen, fills the air with ecstasy as it fondly eddies round the deserted corners and obliterates the human foot-prints in the dust. A diadem of stars shines faintly over the mighty Kremlin, whose myriad cupolas gleam as if enchanted on the hushed air. Some summer trees that adorn the green slopes between it and the silent river, sing fitfully and whisper tenderly as with love to the stern walls of the Holy Place; or is it that they are haunted by fair innocent spirits that live in the charmèd winds, whose earthly years were cruelly curtailed by inhuman tyrants?

These soft shadows of old Italian wall,—

to think how terrible they are! What have they not seen and heard? Yet this is the beloved Place: the phœnix that has over and over again arisen from fire and the foe. It is the golden chalice holding the water of life to the thirsty but soul-unwearied pilgrim: the loadstar of continual human millions: the place of miracles; Madonna's home. Moskow!

Little fleece-like bands of ethereal cloudlets keep watch in the far east, but come no nearer. Time pours out his mellow music on the calm midnight: yet in the undertones one almost seems to hear the clamour of hell-hounds: the stifled cries of tyrants that are subdued at last: or is it, now softlier, the distant weeping of centuries of afflicted people? Is there not a sunrise as well as a midnight in that wondrous bell? Joy and sorrow, not merely of marriage and of death, but of destruction and resurrection are to be heard in its brave volumes! It is full of fate! How

solemnly it lingers, this last chime—and seems at length to die away out to those cloudlets!

And there stands the huge tenantless palace, wherein, not long since, kings and queens thronged, like orchids in a sumptuous hot-house. Nearer stands the gaunt silver tower of Ivan, sceptering all like an Imperial Phantom. While yonder, in tenfold witchery lifts that demonic marvel—the shrine of St. Basil. But "day is at hand, and the shadows flee away."

CHAPTER VIII.

WE did not encounter many Jews in Moscow, though on our last afternoon there we learned of a terrible catastrophe connected with them at Novgorod, which had that day happened: although the number of them in that city was extremely limited, and those few were rich residents, or their near relatives. The old horrible cry of the Christian child's blood having been used for the Passover was raised there, and the dark savage mob took it up, and literally tore the heads and arms from the living bodies of the few unfortunate victims they met with.*

* Let the reader glance through the tale of the Prioress

Though the Jews in Russia are far less numerous than in Poland, and as a rule occupy very inferior callings, such as petty dealers in old clothes and second-hand trumpery, their talent is not entirely hidden under a bushel. My companion informed me, that when travelling in distant out-of-the-way parts of Russia and in want of any particular commodity, unless a Jew could be found, it was not possible to obtain the required article; but if a Hebrew put in an appearance, at the worst, "he knew where he could get it:" and it would come.

The sagacious, if savage, Peter the Great, perceived the worth of industrious people who would enlighten and sharpen the wits of his duller subjects, as well as afford a convenient prey to his own needs: so he admitted the Jews, who were nevertheless expelled to the number of 30,000 before half a century had elapsed. Catharine II., however, readmitted

in Chaucer. It will well illustrate contemporary superstition in Russia.

them, and they flourished like the green bay-tree, till Nicholas pruned their privileges, and confined them to particular provinces. Envy of the industrious and successful alien is the real cause of their disasters in modern Russia and Hungary, of which the religious cry is merely the cloak.

No one can travel twenty-four hours in Russia, without becoming, perhaps irritatingly, aware of the burden of officialdom. Every one has his price save the Tzar. Backsheesh is written on every official face phosphorescently. In visiting museums and palaces, or whatever else is attractive, no one is allowed to go unaccompanied, and although professedly open to the public, it is too often found that mean impediments are put in the harmless traveller's way of enjoying the ordinary sights of Russian cities; albeit no fault can be noticed with regard to civility.

As to passports: but a short time elapsed from my arrival anywhere but the police called and took my passport away for the "visa;"

even when staying on a country-house visit to an eminent statesman, the same authorities came several miles for the unfragrant morsel of signatures; till as I now look at it, it resembles some compact with Satan bearing the signs manual of all his ministers. It is perhaps fair to add that the warfare carried on by the Nihilists at this time accentuated the vulgar vigilance of the authorities. The very elaboration of the passport system gives ease to its defiers.

A few months previous to my visit, Chief-Inspector Colonel Soudaikin was murdered by a cunning and wary Nihilist. The police were alert; the telegraph was at work; but Degaieff passed through them all, and escaped gleefully to another country. I now saw his photograph in three positions, posted up in every railway station on every line. Probably many hundreds of innocent people were molested and even temporarily imprisoned at the frontier on his account, owing to some imperfection or doubt about their passports;

while probably he himself possessed a dozen or so real and unquestionable ones. His face did not level my better expectations.

Russian villages are gloomy encampments of dark, wooden houses; as, indeed, were originally the great towns themselves. Diphtheria and fire are two of the three great scourges of peasant-life in Russia. Sometimes a whole large village contains no children at all: they have been swept off.

In Lord Carlisle's account (before quoted) we read:—"The city of Moscow hath the same inconvenience with the other towns in Muscovie, which is, that it is built like them with wood, some principal houses excepted. Instead of being paved, they have only great pieces of fir laid close together, and across the streets. When we were there, its figure was almost circular, and at least four leagues in circumference; but being much subject to fire, its form and extent doth not continue long in the same condition. True it is, their streets

are broad enough, and from place to place there are certain intervals left to break off and cease the fury of fire; but the materials of their houses being so combustible, they have much ado to prevent its progress. All the remedy they have, is to pull down the houses that are next, to the end that by taking away the matter that should nourish it, they may give the flame *more room to extinguish.*" It is not a little curious that in a year after this account was written, the very principle was used with success in the great fire of London.

As to the modes of travelling nowadays, in spite of the flat nature of the country, walking is preferable to driving: the roads are to be avoided. The summer being short, no account is taken of road-keeping. It is the same in St. Petersburg itself. The streets are full of holes. Nobody is expected to drive there out of the season. Carriages are of small esteem in the land of snow and the sledge.

The railways are much to be praised. Everything is luxurious, except speed. The lines are mostly guaranteed by government, and, I should imagine, do not pay. The broad-gauge system is prevalent, but one was informed that as there are only eight sleepers to our ten, and no chairs, swift journeys would tear up the railroad. In summer the carriages are airy and comfortable; in winter they are warm. And as in Italy we hear the eternal "partenza" for a quarter of an hour ere "pronto" and the cow's horn commence; so, at the Russian stations, we become familiar with "Sei tchas, sei tchas." "Immediately; directly!——"

The "drojkis" in the towns are exceedingly cheap and fairly rapid; I should think the cheapest vehicles in Europe. But they do not carry more than two persons sitting immediately behind, and nearly on a level with the driver; and there is no room for luggage, or protection from rain. At the turnings one is inclined to seize one's neighbour for safety's sake. And

frequently the proximity of people in these drojkis, lead to marked resemblances of affection—the gentleman lending his arm to the lady's waist as in dancing. The driver is swaddled in a long loose dressing-gown of coarse blue, a waist suggested by a belt or red girdle. His hat is a low wedge-shaped beaver set into a brim, from the band of which sprouts a circle of peacock's feathers. The whip is scarcely used, and the driver is almost as adroit as the Venetian gondolier. The evolution from sledge to drojki is not great.

The successes of "nihilism" and other conspiracies are not to be wondered at, when the manner of living in the Russian capital cities is apprehended. The disused portions of the immense palaces with their basements are let out in suites to tenants of all grades: small, half-underground shops, occupying the lowest portions, which are entered by a descending flight of steps. In certain cases tunnels have been bored and mines laid in them for the

purpose of killing the Emperor as he should drive over the streets above. Had Alexander II. driven out by a more usual route on the fatal afternoon, it is probable both himself and his entire escort would have been blown into the air; but choosing another way (by advice) he was met by four men with bombs, the second of whom killed him. One of the most remarkable facts, illustrative of the cool self-possession of the conspirators, is that the man who came forward and picked up the murdered Tzar, and gave him to his confused escort, carried himself another bomb in his pocket, being one of the four executants. This man lived to assassinate an obnoxious general in Southern Russia some two years afterwards; but being caught by the accidental upsetting of the carriage in which he was escaping with his accomplice, he was executed soon after.

Some interest even attaches to the waiters in the hotels. As in Italy and England, most

of this class are Swiss or German: so in Russia, most are true Tartars, with their racial features strongly marked. And their social positions as waiters and old-clothes-men pretty clearly assert their inferiority to the race they conquered. The conquered Russians have entirely absorbed their conquerors. The same spectacle has occurred elsewhere, notably in the case of Persia, who has been defeated and overrun many times, but she has assimilated her devourers by means of her intellectual superiorities.

Drunkenness in such climates is not to be wondered at. Yet very little of it is to be seen, except on holidays, and it is remarkable that the effects of drink do not take the churlish and bestial forms that they exhibit in England. All is good-humour and light-heartedness with the inebriated Russ. He is used to very hard fare, knowing no comforts. But I have seen more intoxicated people in Edinburgh and London on two Sunday mornings than during a tour in the Tzar's

country. J—— says I was lucky! The chief drink is "vodki," a rough aquavitæ which, like the liquor of Circe, can change men into swine. The common people are always prepared for it, as well drunk as sober, at midnight as at noonday, "and though their waters are very strong, yet for fear they should not be hot enough, they clap in now and then a good quantity of pepper." "Qvass," or rye meal, fermented in warm water (having nothing to do with quassia, a South American tree, whose bark is used in brewing), is the common drink of the country, and "tchay" is almost as good in the peasant's hut as in the Tzar's palace.

Since Peter the Great forbad the wearing of beards (the wearing of long hair except for the priesthood, who display it almost grotesquely), the Russian diplomatises his beard into whiskers. The origin of this custom seems to have been that Peter quarrelled with the ecclesiastical powers on certain points,

and desired to differentiate his own immediate officers from the fashions of the Church. He therefore instituted a fine of fifty roubles on those who disobeyed his command in refusing to shave the beard. Until his time the longest beard was honoured as a token of the bravest man.

The censorship of the press is far stricter than England endured during the regency of George IV. Scarcely a foreign newspaper but presents black blots occasionally where paragraphs should be, and the censorship extends to modern literature like the works of Darwin, Huxley, and Lecky. In countries of this sort all conspiracies are but natural effects of repressed public opinion. Surrounded by enviable progress, by universal education and enlightenment, Russians are kept in the dark and at a standstill as much as possible. Russia walks on high heels, and suffers accordingly. Had Leigh Hunt been a Russian, Horsemonger-lane Gaol would have been Siberia.

Owing to the dangerous progress of knowledge and opinion among the universities at this time, a mandate was in process of development (since matured and put in practice, I believe), by which their professors were to be selected and approved by the Police authorities.

Illustrative of public feeling was the hope expressed by the honest Mayor of Moscow, M. Tchitcherin, on the occasion of his address to the Tzar at the time of the Coronation, which led to his immediate resignation — namely, that the Sovereign would "institute a constitutional *régime*." Which sentiment was forbidden to be transmitted by telegraph.

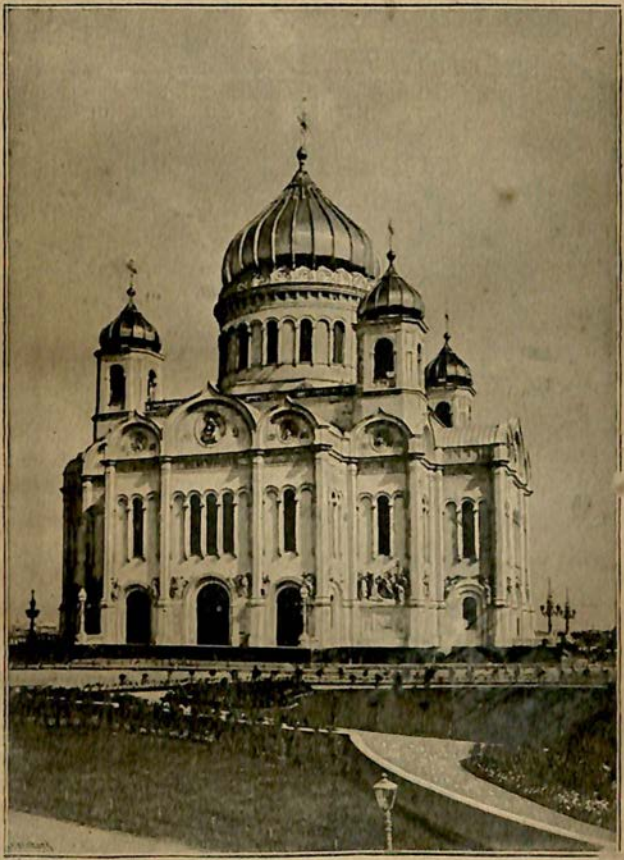
Of modern Russian paintings, those of Vereshtchagin (of which a goodly number may be seen at Moscow) stand pre-eminent and representative, almost alone. This great artist shows many of the highest qualities, including magnificent colouring and technique. His pictures of events in Central Asia are far more

fortunate than his fresco figures in the new cathedral, though these, perhaps, are not inferior to any modern attempts in the good old vehicle. Other modern Russian works mostly appear tending rather to one line or other of two degraded developments of the noble art. Either they are "circulating" nudities, well drawn, but full of plebeian vulgarity, or they are mere low attempts at optical illusion and tricks of perspective.

While we are at Moscow (of which we have not seen a tithe that is to be seen, but have merely attempted to speak in the light of what we did see), let us peep for a moment into the new cathedral, which the guide-book tells us "can be seen from every part of the city," and which "has been built to commemorate the French invasion," or rather Russian deliverance, and has, moreover, been completed and consecrated since Murray's last edition. We notice immediately that its vast central dome, and its four satellites, re-

splendent in the afternoon sun as they are, appear in a new pattern, unlike any of the other domes in the city. The projecting sides that so much overhang the base, are wanting here. The modification is less characteristic, less in keeping, and less agreeable. Still it is a magnificent Russo-Byzantine shrine in white and gold.

The interior of the huge dome is painted on a golden ground with a vast figure of the first person of the Trinity, and is lit by sixteen arrow windows, whose exterior resembles a neat relief colonnade in the Pisan style. One may describe the interior as formed of two lofty transepts intersecting under a magnificent dome. The base of the walls rises for a yard with polished Labrador spar; above that lies "Rosso Antico" for six feet more, succeeded for twelve feet by soft grey-veined white marble: frescoes and other floral decorations follow: though the effect is not at all of that solemn gloomy splendour which characterises the older



CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER, OR NEW CATHEDRAL.—*p.* 98.

churches. The entire pavement consists of marble slabs, inlaid with diamond-figured patterns of the same beautiful material, while the altar steps are solid slabs of Labradorite. Whatever criticism decries in the building, it remains a sumptuous and carefully-executed shrine, and above all, is worthy of Moscow. Had such a memorial been lifted in London during the same period, it would either have been a piece of obtrusive and unsympathetic Renaissance, or such an irrevocable and irreverent incongruity as the new Natural History Museum at South Kensington, where Venetian Gothic is insulted with slate roof and with campaniles that are degraded to chimneys: all to display, for a hundred years to come, the desperate and flourishing ignorance of favoured bad taste.

On our way back to St. Petersburg we heard the last of the nightingale's note in Russia, which seemed, says Giles Fletcher (the uncle of *the* poet, and Elizabeth's ambassador to

Feodor Ivanovitch in 1588), "*to be more loud, and of a more variable note than in other countries:*" though we remarked precisely the reverse—namely, that the changes are easily counted, and never exceed four: which is a somewhat striking diversity of experience, needing, perhaps, further explanation.

CHAPTER IX.

HAVING enjoyed the sights of the two chief cities, it was with pleasurable curiosity that I found myself bound for a country visit to the old grand-ducal Palace of Kourland. In the night or early morning we met the usual fate of travellers on the Warsaw line, by being turned out for an hour-and-a-half's wait at Dwinaburg, where we encountered an English couple in difficulties with the money of the country, which my companion kindly cleared up for them. We reached Riga next day at eleven, and having refreshed ourselves at that industrious old capital of Livonia, which

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we explored further on our return, we left for Mitau, the chief city of the province of Kourland, on the banks of the river Aa—passing over the wide pine-rafted Dvina into a richly-cultivated district. At Mitau we were met by a soldier-servant who announced that Count P. S——, the brother of our host, was awaiting us at the hotel, whither we soon arrived. I was there introduced to a smart, middle-aged officer, wearing the coveted cross of St. George of the second class, and was not a little surprised to learn that he commanded the pick of the Russian army, consisting of forty thousand men. A caleche with four horses, whose bells sounded merrily through the clean German-looking streets of Mitau, now took us on the last stage of our journey, a matter of five-and-twenty miles. Our new companion tells us he had command here during the rebellion of 1863, and as one of his children was born here, he begged us to wait five minutes while he visited the house of his affection.

We then drove out into the country amid nobler woods, and finally between far richer grain and flax-fields than any I had yet noticed in Russia. In fact the general aspect of peasant and cottage, field and woodland, is here more civilised and happy. All breathe.

It was observable that the wild-flowers had now entirely changed: many new kinds greeted us; those of blue colouring being especially abundant. To begin with the fields of flax with its delicate green stalk and deep blue flower. Then under the edges of ripening corn, by myriads, accompanying us the whole way, we had larkspur, bugloss, and corn-bottle, occasional poppy, succory, campanulas, and restharrow: while creeping moneywort poured its little golden river of blossoms through the moist banks of grass beside us. Larks sang above the embrowned corn, and sparrow-flights rose in "whirrs."

At last we come in sight of the great white Palace, on which a flag is waving in the nimble

breeze. Our rustic driver blows questionable melodies on his much-tasselled horn, swelling his sunburnt neck as if it would burst; the horses are urged swiftlier with stately flourish of the whip, till we rush over a weedy moat into a wide crescent-shaped court, beyond which we pass through an iron gate into the more spacious court of the Palace itself, whose long wings look down on us, as we turn up a small covered incline, and are finally welcomed heartily by our host and a faithful Cossack at his door.

He kindly reserved his appetite for our brief nondescript refreshment, and then took us out to his strawberry-beds and white-hearts: first feeding with milk and bread some little foxes, and a roe-deer newly caught. Russia revels in three kinds of strawberry, Hautbois being the kind most esteemed.

The palace is about two hundred years old; and the grounds behind it were originally laid out after a plan by Lenotre, the gardener of Louis XIV., in converging walks and wooded

alleys. Owing, however, to the absence of our host from his estate for many years, all these alleys had become obstructed by over-growth, and the garden almost obliterated: given over to the squirrel and the wood-owl. My companion has contributed a chief share, with the judicious exercise of his axe two years back, to restoring the early design, and now the effect was once more characteristic, and well-nigh approached perfection of its kind. The more open space of turf and flower-beds, between these alleys and the house, is centred by a small pond surrounded and shadowed by lofty poplars. At certain distances stand modern white statues from the Riviera, round whom the swallows and martins were continually swirling. Bright beds of geraniums added stronger colour here and there.

Under a shady arbour we found the ladies of the house at tea. Wafts of a neighbouring lime-tree, in blossom, visited us; while the music of innumerable bees flowed on under our conversations. Thence we went into one of

the nearer alleys, and played bowls for an hour.

Here must be related a curious discovery relating to this garden and the Palace. It appears that where yonder birch-trees wave from an elevated bank, between the garden-alleys and the wood, the Lettish peasants of the province believe that a number of Frenchmen lie buried. But no printed record gives any light to the dim old tradition. On some of the window recesses in the long-disused state-chambers of the Palace, however, were found the names of a few Frenchmen, with the date of "April 1812" roughly scratched in! Were these wounded men? It clearly seems they were so; for during the late restoration of the garden, the labourers daily unearthed cannon-balls of two sizes, until several hundreds were collected, and piled up in little pyramids, where they can now be seen. Here, then, is an unwritten battle—an unrecorded carnage! There sleep the poor slaughtered

soldiers of some small branch of Napoleon's army, doubtless sent up through the Baltic provinces with designs that were fore-doomed. The peasants kept the remembrance of it as a legend. Perhaps they have songs relating to it! Otherwise till recently the case was unproven.

Sunday evening after our arrival the peasants celebrated the natal day of their good landlord with a fête. The weather threatened, but eventually held up, and after eight o'clock the folk collected to the number of about two hundred (afterwards swelled to five hundred), and their brass band led them in a body round the right side of the mansion to one of the grassy avenues of the neighbouring wood-land, where a platform, decked with hollyhock and greenery, stood ready for the musicians. The band played, the young people danced merrily, and unaccompanied part-songs in the Lettish language were sung charmingly by the village-choir. It was curious to watch the long

quadrilles, and the elephantine manner in which both sexes danced. Our kind host went about amongst them, till his hands and sleeves were covered with honest kisses; while both himself and ourselves were decorated with white satin bows, into the centre of each a bay-leaf being pinned. Boys and girls came to gaze at us, and then rushed off to dancing, or hide-and-seek. As it became darker a few fire-works were sent up, to the great amusement of the people; though damp had dangerously affected some of them. Then lanterns of many colours glowed among the forest-trees around. The tunes of the band gradually became more and more boldly defiant of concord as an excellent "drink," made of cummin-seed (kummel) and other refreshments, *went round.* At certain spots booths had been erected, where clean handed matrons served largesse to all.

We left the interesting scene before ten o'clock; but having lost sight of my com-

panions while observing the people, I also lost sight of my way back, and having climbed some palings I happened to leave the wood just where those poor Frenchmen sleep well "after life's fitful fever!" It was strange to see the graceful silver trees waving solemnly over them in the starlight, and to hear that wild revelry just beyond, down the dark avenue. Further off rose the huge white Palace with its rows and rows of windows, and the flag drooping over all.

Next morning, during a "troll" on a small river (too full of king-cup and persicaria for easy fishing), we noticed several birds of interest. A golden oriole with thrush-like notes sang in a near tree. Snipe rose: a stork walked afar off in lonely independence: both golden plovers and lapwings passed mutely over us. The sun was, as usual, warm; but clouds, like the cumuli of the trade-winds, provided us with grateful shade. There is an oak-forest on this estate, the trees of which appear to be about three

hundred years old. The entire undergrowth is silver with meadowsweet and birchlings.

In the afternoon a shooting-party was formed, and we went to some woods a few miles off for the purpose of making war upon Reynard. We divided and spread along a road between two woods, at intervals of a hundred and fifty yards. The horn sounded at the rear of the trees, and baying of the dogs announced that the enemy was afoot. Soon afterwards I saw an old fox gliding warily far behind me through the silver trunks, his brush straight in the air. Three were bagged, and my companion killed also a roebuck, but for a moment or two had agonising qualms lest he had slain a dog. having fired somewhat hastily at an indistinct brown patch moving through the dense cover. Fortunately the result was an unexpected and legitimate object. On the way home I was shown the spot where the Count had killed a fine elk the previous winter.

In these great Russian houses, as in the

old feudal castles, distant from great capitals, and living somewhat on tradition, one finds still the sense of practical independence. Taken in hand by my kind host and hostess, one afternoon, I was shown over the old state apartments of the Grand-Dukes. I saw also the carpenter's department, that of the leather-dressers, the laundry, and the prison, whence a woman had been just removed, and the painter's shop. On another floor, we visited the chapel, and looked at the portraits of Alexander I., Catharine II., and a fine picture of the aged Kaiser, lately presented to our friend, who informed me that the latter always preferred to be addressed as "le Roi" rather than "l'Empereur," König rather than Kaiser.

An exploration of Riga and its worthiest objects ended my brief tour in Russia. The view from the St. Peter's Church-tower rewards the ascent. And some old ironwork in the church itself is especially interesting. Herder, the excellent friend of those vitally opposed

individuals, Goethe and Richter, was Professor here (in 1764) for some years, and has a memorial.

Here then we will take farewell and spread our wings toward the South, and bask a little in the old cities of Italy or among the vineyards of Como.

RAVENNA.

RAVENNA.

LEAVING Bologna and its long-visible leaning towers (one of which supplied Dante with a fine simile) in the soft sunlight of an April afternoon, we travelled to Castel Bolognese,—whiffs from luxuriant lilac coming in refreshingly through the carriage-windows from the dripping gardens of sunny, if stiff, villas. At the latter place we had to spend fifty minutes listening to a merry chorus of frogs from the moist meads around. The trees were now at that exquisite stage of verdure when their tint remains distinguishable after dark. The last traces of active colour we perceived were patches

of purple orchis and golden daffodil in the fields, and the old belfry-tower of Imola Cathedral. Starlight quietly succeeded, and we reached Ravenna again after an absence of six years. But Ravenna is not one of those cities that have been inoculated with the modern tendency to develop: so, little change did we expect; in fact the following morning revealed that one's remembrance of the bearings of the chief points of interest in the city were almost without fault.

The sunlight early led us forth into the Piazza in the centre of the city, where stand two old granite columns surmounted by statues of the especial saints of Ravenna,—St. Vitale and St. Apollinaris. Market was going on busily among groups of idle soldiers and gossiping peasants. The day was already warm, and dazzling from the white palazzos on one side.

The famous little cupola, "more neat than solemn," where the remains of Dante are enshrined, rose in the shade of its quiet corner

opposite the mansion of his great protector Guido da Polenta. This monument to a strong man is poor and very lowly; yet it is the most hallowed in Italy, saving that mighty shrine to not the strongest of the Apostles at Rome. The sunlight fell brightly on the old-world bit of garden behind and beside it. Several early Christian sarcophagi, tinted by the rain and sun of centuries on centuries, stand in sacred silent company therein; and on a wall behind is set a white marble slab to the honoured memory of Mazzini, covered almost with suspended wreaths. A finely variegated Euonymus bush glitters there, and some tender weeping willows just show themselves vividly through a side brick arch.

After breakfast we revisited the circular Basilica of San Vitale, examining carefully the much-restored and mutilated mosaics and the symmetrical slabs of rare onyx-like "Africanone," which, as it were, render up all their mysterious and wealthy secrets for you in continual surprises of beauty there. Each pier of the octagonal aisle

is broadly faced with these wonders. Then above, the matchless variety of Byzantine capitals: a week's earnest study in themselves. Nowhere can a student find such a rich lode of sculptured capitals, unless in Venice. The walls and vault of the choir are lined with mosaic, and it is necessary to ascend the winding stair through the little iron gate, in order to fully realise the individual subjects, though their general effect may perhaps appear to greater advantage from one or two other points. It will be noticed that the churches here have no transepts.

To visit the Ravenna churches is to follow a simple thread which imbeads jewels and pearls of great price: it is to contemplate, gem by gem a perfect necklace, one portion of the clasp of which is the Basilica of San Vitale,—the other that of Saint Apollinare Nuovo.

San Vitale is a patriarch even among patriarchs. It was built by St. Ecclesius, and consecrated by St. Maximianus, A.D. 547, on the spot where

BYZANTINE CAPITAL AND IMPOST.—*p.* 118.

the Saint is supposed to have been martyred. Among the chief features in the mosaics of the tribune-vault appears the enthroned Saviour, on whose right hand is represented the martyr receiving his crown: while on his left Saint Eutychius presents a model of the church. The most notable subjects enjewelling the walls are: on the right, the purple-mantled Empress Theodora standing crowned among her maidens, resplendent in various costumes, and bearing a vase with offerings; on the left stands the Emperor Justinian, in purple and gold, with statesmen, soldiers, and priests, also holding a bowl. Then follow two interesting series on the respective walls: the one relating events in the history of Moses; the other some of the incidents in the lives of Abraham and Sarah;—the Apostles, Prophets, and Evangelists, together with abundant richly decorative designs, filling up the remaining space.

A full account of this one little octagonal church, from its roof (formerly tiled with inverted

vases of pottery), to the amazing variety of its capitals, its mosaics, its marbles, and its Pagan relics, would of itself form a small cyclopædia. Further, the whole religious history of early Ravenna could perhaps be better illustrated from an analysis of San Vitale than from all the rest of the churches taken together.

It is, as it were, the sacred tiara and crown of the city, a regal representative of all the excellency of Ravenna. It is more than this, if we may say so, for to us it appeared as a fairy-ring in the field of Byzantine Art, flourishing greenly amid decay.

The little garden beside the church, with its freshly-bloomed lilacs, and golden corchorus over-streaming the ancient walls, is a sunny refreshment and repose after an intellectual feast.

The Latin-cross sepulchre of Galla Placidia (now San Nazzaro and Celso), A.D. 450, is hard-by; in the shade of which, under their dim low mosaic vault, rest the huge marble sarcophagi of

the Empress, of her second husband, Constantius III.,* and of her brother, Honorius II., where they were originally placed. Was the tomb built over them? This Lady, whose ambition was cramped in the world, is now inshrined in a tomb which, though rich, causes one to stoop at entering: "the abstract and brief chronicle" of her period. I know not how *he* got there, but the tutor to her son, Valentinian III., shares the honours of entombment. Did he edit imperial journals? Or did he share the perils of the sea with the family?

The Empress Galla Placidia, daughter of Theodosius the Great, was brought up at Constantinople. When grown to womanhood, talented as well as beautiful, she resided at Rome, where her brother Honorius reigned, and which had become invested by Ataulphus, the successor of Alaric, king of the Goths. Placidia was captured, but in turn captivated

* Her first husband Ataulphus (or Adolphus) rests in a massy sarcophagus, in S. Lorenzo at Milan.

the conqueror, who desired vainly to secure peace with the Emperor by becoming his brother-in-law. The royal couple were wedded at Imola or Forli with barbaric splendour: *i.e.*, the spoils of conquest.

Ataulphus was assassinated in his palace at Barcelona by an officer in his service, whose brother Singeric immediately usurped the Gothic throne; then murdered the children of Ataulphus by a former marriage, and treated his widow with cruel and wanton insult, compelling her to march among vulgar captives before his horse. The latter, however, was himself slain on the seventh day after his usurpation.

Placidia was then sent back to her feeble brother Honorius, in return for six hundred thousand measures of wheat, and soon after handed over by him, against her will, to his tyrant-quelling general Constantius. This warrior was now raised to equality in the throne, which he shared for seven years, and died. A terrible quarrel, however, broke out between the

surviving Honorius and his again widowed sister, producing sanguinary tumults in Ravenna, which finally forced Placidia and her children, Valentinian and Honoria, to seek refuge at Constantinople with her other imperial brother, by whom they were well received. Honorius died of dropsy within a few months, and a crafty stranger usurped the throne. After a brief career this tyrant was delivered up with the keys of Ravenna to Ardaburius, who executed him and crowned Valentinian III.

But I must not further permit the reader, who may have been at Rome, Siena, or Verona, to fancy, in passing from one august object of interest in this forlorn old city to another, that they lie far apart, nor that necessarily many passers-by are encountered or politicly "threaded" on pavement or cart-way, as they would be in some of those cities. Ravenna seems far less populated than it really is. We were little noticed, and were not vexed by ciceroni, unless I mention one person, who

marked me down to Dante's tomb early in the morning, and whom I contrived to baffle for a quarter of an hour by escaping the eye he fixed on me, feeling for mine. At last he took me by polite storm, and I did not choose to run. He gratuitously admired my attentive interest, and added that, curiously enough, he was a noble of the city, and a "lineal descendant of the glorious Dante." Finding my enthusiasm not nimble enough to rise to this bright bait, he changed it a little by telling me he recollected Lord Byron well (which was quite impossible). On my retiring gently from the ancestral spot he implored me to *lend* him half-a-franc. He afterwards dined at my hotel with two *guests*.

The sun glowed on the silent white houses as we passed (obtaining here and there a glimpse of some charming old brown-brick campanile), towards the renowned Baptistery. When at Ravenna on a first visit, the engineering talent of Italy was employed in an attempt

to bodily lift this building, whose base had sunk into the marsh. It was disappointing to find that failure had crowned the intelligent effort: for the stagnant water stood deeply under the boards, round the bases of the columns, and the unsightlier effects of damp and mould had certainly developed. One re-admired the figure of Christ, which possesses marvellous firmness of outline, betraying honest study of pagan statuary instead of stunted and self-reliant Christian imbecility. A river-god here represents the Jordan, and pours water out of a vase upon Christ, holding also a green garment, presumably for drying. The scroll-ornaments around the octagon are clear and rich, on a deep-blue ground of mosaic. The font, like that at Parma, is designed for total immersion, and we were informed that such pleasant baptism had just taken place with an adult.

In the Duomo or Basilica-Ursiana, service was proceeding: and little enough at any time

need be noticed in the body of that building, which is an eighteenth-century affair. The sacristy, however, contains notable objects, especially the ivory sedilia or bishop's chair, of the sixth century, from which many bas-relief plaques have been lost, though many, happily, still remain. The custode insisted on touching this precious relic with his unclean fingers, on delicate portions already turned yellow by human contact, for which he was lectured, and then given a gratuity. The curious brazen Byzantine crosses were unfortunately in use at service, so could not be seen. Encouragement did not result in the display of any beautiful vestments: no doubt most of them have now found their way to other lands through the hands of the Hebrews of Ara Cœli and Venice. The brick campanile is well worth notice, and is the original work of the fourth century.

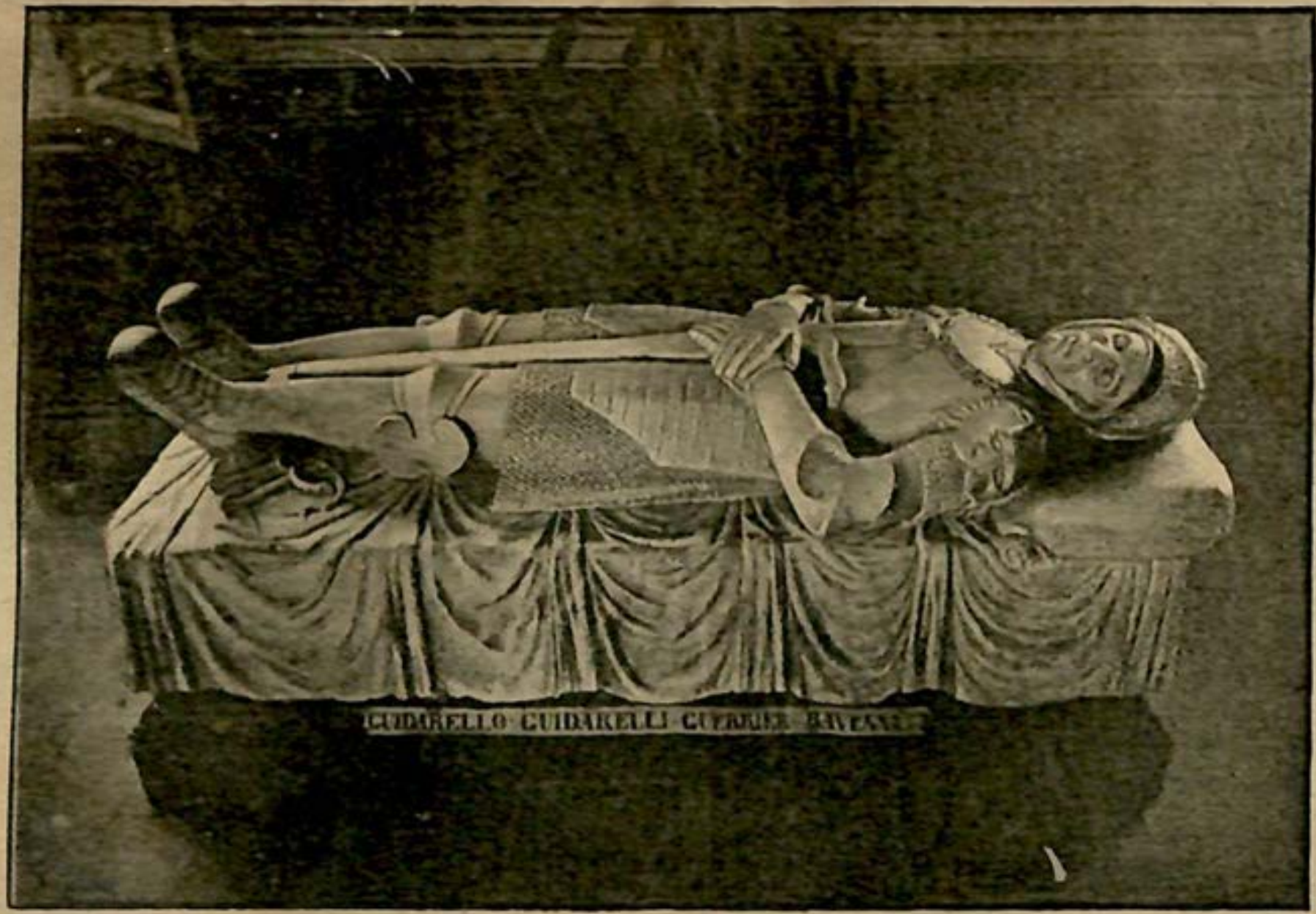
The stranger in Ravenna soon enough finds himself on the confines of the city, though its

interests within are almost illimitable. The grass rises in some streets where people become scarce; for all the life is centred on the market-place. The sea originally washed the walls of the city, and until lately, at any rate, massy rings, to which cables were attached, were visible. The Adriatic has gradually retired more than three miles, and no canals even run through the city itself, as once they did. Time has passed his wizard hands over the imperial greatness of Ravenna, and it has shrunk away. But the glory of intellectual art, and the glamour of poetry are still resplendent there, and nightingales resound from the blossoming orchards as we pass along its borders.

In the Via Mazzini leading to the Porta Sisi, beside the decayed and poor church of Sta. Agata, purpling against its deep-brown circular bell-tower, stood a Judas-tree in full flower, overhanging the garden-wall to the snowy street. Above, upon crumbling corners,

and in the dark arched lights of the tower itself, jutted great bushes of ruddy-golden wallflower, against the intense azure field of heaven behind, and bending over all.

To the strong charms of old-world things Ravenna fortunately affords the contrast of equally forcible charms in modern persons. From Dante to Byron is a long step; but the house of the latter is so near the tomb of the former that after once associating both poets in this locality, some are unable ever afterwards to think of the one without the other. These two poets are of course the most renowned and the most quoted, but the guide-books and other works do not mention that Shelley also spent a fortnight at Lord Byron's house in August of 1821. In his letters, however, he describes many of the sights of the city, as well as giving an account of their doings. "In the evening we ride out through the pine forests which divide this city from the sea." So the Pinetum should be famous now for one



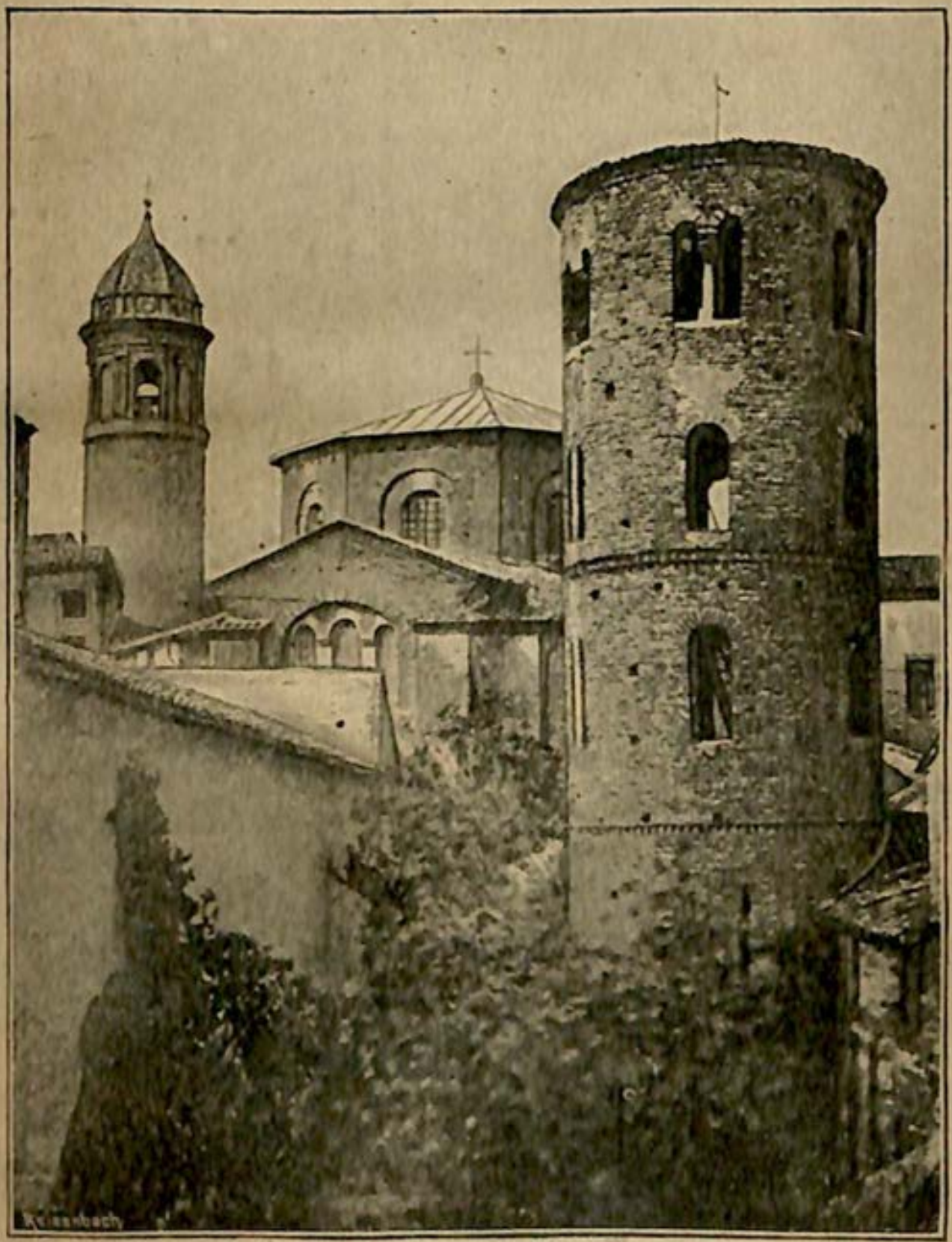
GUIDARELLO GUIDARELLI.—*p.* 128.

more great poet, to whom the other Italian sea-forest near Pisa (as is known to all his admirers) was sacred. He tells Mrs. Shelley, nevertheless, that "Ravenna is a miserable place; the people barbarous and wild." In this respect it has considerably improved, and excepting a tendency towards "multiplying," in the hotel-account, accommodation is not uncomfortable. A firm counterbalancing tendency on the part of the visitor towards another cardinal portion of mathematics is generally, however, well and silently received by Italian hotel-keepers.

One of the most beautiful objects to be seen in Italy is in the Museum. It is the recumbent effigy of one, Guidarello Guidarelli, who seems to have been assassinated at Imola in 1490. The form is that of a young knight in complete armour of the period. His face in nature has evidently been full of beauty, and the admirable sculptor, Giacomelli, has expressed pain and grief and death through it in masterly fashion.

It is perhaps the most pathetic monument to be seen in the land. Who dealt the fatal blow? and for what reason? History is mute. We were told that the box containing Dante's bones was discovered in a chapel where the family of Guidarelli were buried, in the Church of St. Francesco. This church was likewise the mausoleum of the princely family of Polenta, whose original palace once overlooked the present site of Dante's tomb. Many noble early-Christian sarcophagi, sculptured, and raised on lion's feet, repose grandly there along its cold forlorn aisles.

In the afternoon, with a cool breeze tempering an ardent sun, we passed out of the actual city by the Porta Serrata, in order to visit the turret-like tomb of Theodoric, A.D. 526, a rotunda of Istrian limestone, divided into two chambers, the lower being in the form of a Greek cross, the upper one being circular. The roof consists of a huge rounded convex block estimated to weigh two hundred tons. Beneath this once reposed the



A GROUP.—*p.* 130.

remains of the illustrious Gothic conqueror of Italy, till the schisms of the churches expelled them as heretical, and consecrated the rotunda as a Catholic church. Like the Baptistery, this strange monument stands in the marsh-water now. From its upper embrasures and ledge, looking around us, we beheld a field of golden rape-flowers waving in the warm afternoon; while the nightingales sang merrily among the garden-bushes, in air fragrant of sage and thyme. Vast cavalcades of silvery thunder-cloud travelled on the Aadriatic sea-line north-east of us: like spectral warriors of the breeze.

Driving away towards the railway, near the Porta Alberoni, we skirted the port of Ravenna, a long canal-basin, where many Venetian sailing craft, with tawny sails folded up and flags flying half-mast high for Good-Friday, lay at anchor. On our right we obtained views of the ancient imperial walls and numerous old Lombard brick belfries. We soon found ourselves on the long straight road that toils over the rice-

fields to Rimini. As we surmounted a bridge over the united Montone and Ronco we left the wheat-fields and the larks singing above them, and surveyed the feverous plains of rice, dyked in every direction into enclosed squares of shallow water, where, above their ankles in stagnant mud, the silent workers were anxiously clearing the weed and rush from the future crop. In the far distance the Appenines loomed with the rocky crest of San Marino, while the remnant of the "immemorial pines" just waved greenly along the nearer horizon.

We soon reached the renowned old Basilica of St. Apollinare in Classe in its forlorn swamp at the roadside. Beside it lifts proudly, over its realm of desolation, a fine circular campanile. Every vestige of the town of Classis, saving this wonderful church, has vanished. The interior is spacious and of great length, its aisles being separated from the nave by arcaded columns of cippolino rising from square bases to elaborate fretted and carven capitals. A flight

of steps, as at Parma and Modena, leads over the crypt to the choir. The water was inches deep in the crypt, as we afterwards noticed, and the floor of the nave was thickly patched with green fur here and there. What must the place feel like at night, when vapours glide out into the body of the church in the deathly silence? The mosaic of the tribune-arch, despite "repairs," is a noble specimen of declining seventh-century art, and well deserves a full half-hour's study. At the end of the left aisle rises an object of great beauty. It is the sculptured tabernacle above an altar dedicated to St. Felicola. The vault of it is supported by four well-proportioned spiral-fluted columns: the spandrels being richly carven into conventionalised vine-leaves and fruit, and having a wattled border. At various points along the aisles will be observed magnificent early-Christian sarcophagi, containing the remains of some of the archbishops of Ravenna. Better specimens will not be found in the city itself.

There is a tragic story of a beautiful and virtuous lady whose husband mysteriously condemned her, for no crime of hers, to live in a fatal portion of the Maremma, where she lingered for years, nor ever knew the reason of her treatment. She had none to speak to her; she made no complaint; possibly smiled at grief,—and died. It seems to us that not unlike is the sad destiny of this never-to-be-forgotten shrine perishing full of beauty. Here is desolation clad in jewels; death in cloth of gold; bright intellect shining through "the muddy vesture of decay," and no physician to save or cure. It was perhaps well, after all, that fierce Sigismundo Malatesta robbed it of some of its wealth of mosaic and treasure of marble, centuries ago now, for the enrichment of his new cathedral at Rimini. The hand of the Almighty in the vast mosaic still remaining and pointing to the figure of the Saviour, seems for a moment to brighten us with the possibilities of fate; but a still small voice seems

PINE-FOREST.—*p.* 134.

to cry out grievously, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

We had been earnestly interested about the rumours of the total destruction of the great pine-forest. The terrible frosts and salt gales of the first years of this decade had decimated the trees. That was certain. But we did not expect to find, as we did, that the plague had carried off its monarchs in preference to their subjects. One friend had some time back told us that several hundred huge pines stood stripped of their bark, like gaunt ghosts. These had now been cut down and removed. The patriarchs were gone! How one recalled their distant appearance years before on a first approach to Ravenna, when the edge of the horizon seemed positively undulating in mighty waves of greenery! Still the forest is not destroyed.

We drove into the commencement of it by the lonely flag-fringed canal which so weirdly reflects the trees in its opaque waters, and then alighted to pursue our own wanderings for a couple of

hours. Soon we were passing between thickets of juniper, thorn, and sloe, till we came to the late-levelled roots of those lost kings of the forest, upon one of which I watched a magnificent green lizard basking, perhaps listening to the singing breeze as it passed through the neighbouring pine-tops, or to the warbler sitting on a bramble bush hard by. Now and then the harsh croak of the Royston crow, or lone cry of lapwing, resounded, followed by a general gathered murmur of the pines. While following, at first, the shady bank of the long rippling canal a large brown snake suddenly glided before me over the warm sand and retired into a thicket. In the gaps of the forest the sky looked like a roof of single turquoise, against which the trees held up their crowns of dark emerald. The massy pine-boles smouldered, as it were, in the afternoon sunlight, and resembled giants clad in rusted mail and plumed with solemn stately verdure. The solitude was extreme. We left the water-side and wandered off among the trees,

plucking purple orchis and spiked star of Bethlehem, with golden spurges, till we came towards a wide marsh where the frogs had a great deal to say. I encountered four more of the serpent kind, to whom the place seems no doubt an ancestral possession. Nobody molests them, and the thick tough undergrowth affords them abundant refuge. Much as I endeavoured to secure at least one specimen some five feet in length, it was difficult to fasten him to the uneven ground firmly without damaging him, so it soon became preferable to let him glide gracefully away.

On the return to our carriage we came to a group of pines which were recollected well from an incident noticed on a former visit to the Pinetum. It was of this nature. On approaching the forest we heard a vociferous barking of dogs and continuous volleys; we cautiously slackened pace, and anon beheld six gentlemen clad in smart sporting garb firing energetically into this group of trees. We fancied a stag,

bear-cub, or marten-cat must be the object of so much enthusiasm. We were therefore surprised to see a couple of chaffinches take wing, apparently unhurt, a moment or two later, followed by the several excited and reloading cacciatori and the ceaseless yelping of some well-bred pointers.

It was late afternoon when we reached the city of Emperors again. Entering by the Porta Nuovo, we glanced in at the sixteenth-century church of Sta. Maria, which has an octagonal dome, and was partly raised out of the materials of the great Basilica of San Lorenzo in Cesarea, that stood where the Crocetta rises a few hundred yards beyond the above-mentioned gate. But, saving its fine proportions, there was little to detain our passing on to the queen of all the churches at Ravenna,—St. Apollinare Nuovo,—in the same street, which, deserted as it looks, is nevertheless the Corso. As we mean to give fuller account of this church than of any others, we will begin by letting the

reader know that in the year A.D. 500 Theodoric built it for an Arian cathedral, near his palace, and dedicated it to St. Martin. Its present name dates only from the ninth century, when it received the bones of St. Apollinaris from Classe, it is said, to secure them from Saracenic spoliation. The usual twenty-four arcaded marble columns with double capitals divide the nave from the aisles. These were brought from Constantinople. Above them on each side is a mosaic of the sixth century, extending the entire length of the nave. Beginning on the right of entrance, over the first three arches is represented the stately columnar front of a Byzantine palace, on the pediment of which is inscribed "Palatium." Its pillars are white, its roof is red, as are the roofs of other buildings, including evidently the dome of St. Vitale, which are made to peer over it. On each side of the front entrance to the palace are three arches, with white linen curtains, curiously tied back in elegant knots, with spots of gold for a

pattern on them. Their skirts are bordered and tasselled; their background is represented in black; and they depend in graceful loops from rods that travel from capital to capital of the pillars. In the spandrels of the arches over these capitals, angels, joining company by means of garlands, are represented in colour. Over these succeeds a continuous lóggia of smaller arches (about two of these to one of the larger arches, described already), closed with red doors and lattice-work above them, with more angels, on a diminished scale, in the spaces. Then the building ends in a red sloping roof.

Leaving this, the mosaic represents continuously the figures of four-and-twenty saints in white robes, their heads glorified, standing on bright green grass, divided from one another by an heraldic-looking green palm-tree. Each holds his crown in his left hand brought across to his right side. The twenty-fifth figure is Saint Martin, clad in a violet robe. Beyond

him Christ, bearded and of excellent countenance, is enthroned between two white angels, having large dark wings, their feet resting on flowers.

Above this wondrous procession are eleven windows (for clerestory), set in mosaic, a white-robed saint again between each window, the recessed wall displaying richly-varied borders. While below it all, the arches, resting on double capitals (the lower of each being very ornate, the upper or impost simple and with a cross sculptured on it), are adorned with orange-coloured patines on their under surface, which adds much effect to the general survey of the church.

The other side (though without clerestory) is similarly decorated, having the town of Classis with the sea and ships, corresponding to the Palatium. Then follow two-and-twenty virgins robed in white, upon a golden background, holding crowns, and led by the Magi, (in trousers of leopard-skins), hurrying eagerly

with rich gifts for the Virgin and Child, who are enthroned between four angels beyond them.

Among the miracle subjects that fill up the space above, the figure of Christ on the left is shown beardless, while on the right he is given a well-marked black beard. A sculptured pulpit, and a side chapel adorned with various marbles, are also worthy of notice. And now, under the actual glamour of this interior, let us more fully enjoy its general beauty. How does it first strike us? In what does its wealth of mosaic raise it above compare with all other shrines of mosaic either in Ravenna or Italy? Go and stand before the choir of the cathedral of Monreale, revel in the finished miracle called the Capella Palatina at Palermo, examine individually the mosaics of the vaulting in St. Mark's, and that of the Virgin and the Saint of the eleventh century over the central door; and inspired by the accumulation of beauty, come to Ravenna, and spend a quiet morning in St. Apollinare Nuovo. That

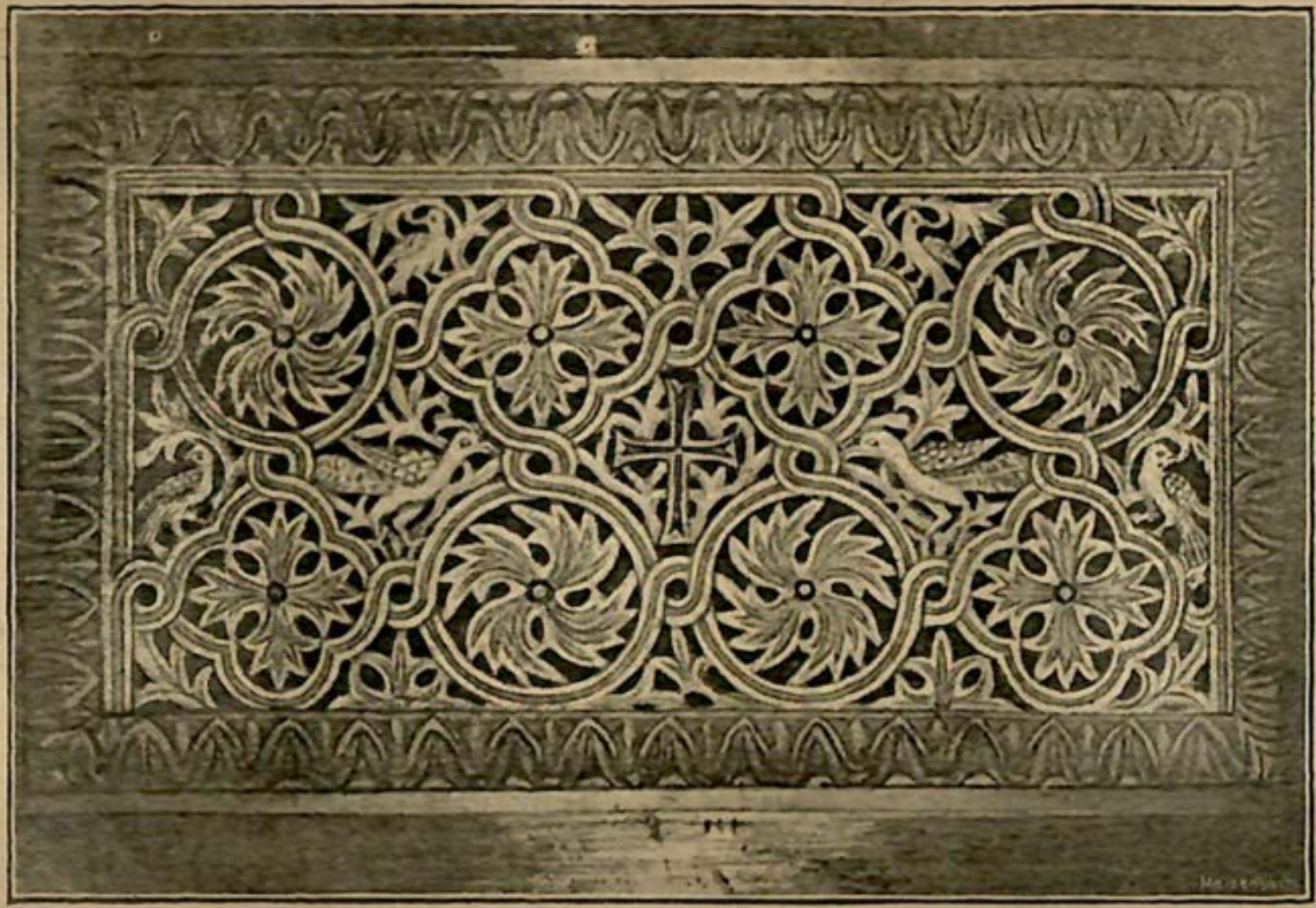
morning will remain a store of absorbed sunlight, whence radiance may be sweetly drawn on the dullest, loneliest, saddest moments of life thereafter.

In the other churches and baptisteries of Ravenna, as in St. Prassede and St. Giovanni at Rome, we have been compelled to timidly approach some dark or gigantic apse where some gloomy and uncouth shape showed a grim, if discernible, countenance, having ill-proportioned hands, uncomfortable robes, in decayed or over-restored colouring, surrounded by the usual symbols. All this, too, has often had to be observed from a necessarily cramped position, and has frequently proved painfully unrewarding. But here, in this glorious shrine of Theodoric, we stand face to face almost with magnificent open sweeps of brilliant pageantry, where figures, flowers, and faces, where designs and draperies, are full of free intelligence and breathing beauty. No taint of crudity, none of the ugliness of early

ignorance or stunted intelligence, raises a sense of grim humour in us here. It is as a lavish festival of the noble adult art. There is affluence and gladness of heart born of conscious free manhood. Tenderness and strength are everywhere blended with the like simplicity that characterises the earlier Bible stories.

Here, then, the artists of Byzantium attained the noblest heights of their beloved art of religious mosaic. They do not, as do the modern Florentine "intarsiatori," foolishly try to imitate or outdo nature with unplastic materials, suggesting ingenious rivalry with the painter's art; but they reveal to you a joyous healthy consciousness of the legitimate limits of their vehicle, and the contented confidence of being able to move freely in those limits.

We, in modern days, are much given to marvel how Handel, Scarlatti, and Mozart could have electrified their hearers by their performances on instruments so out of compare with those of our own time. But the possi-



AN ALTAR-FRONT DESIGN.—*p.* 144.

bilities of any vehicle of expression are never estimable, or indeed perceivable at all, until revealed by genius. It is the affectionate bringing of native power to the development of passive capability which finally determines the degree of excellence in the result.

In these mosaics we are able, in like manner, straitened as their capacity for absolute expressional power may be, to actually realise the puissance of real genius, which, as it were, out of a sort of tapestry in stone could produce such wonders of high decorative art without displaying cramp or hindrance.

Certainly not in Venice nor in Rome are the princeliest works of this kind to be seen. Those in the capital of the two are nearer in style as in date, though they do not show to so great advantage as do those at St. Mark's, while none anywhere have quite escaped the cruel clutches of that gamekeeper and under-butler of Art—the Restorer, in spite of whom and the dark storms of thirteen centuries these ones of

St. Apollinare shine down on us with their snowy and sunny processions to-day, showing to us palaces of the past, telling us of the then neighbouring sea and its ships, of the contemporary costume, and, above all, struggling to reveal Man's ideas of beauty, human and divine, which their master designers delighted to represent in them. Whether viewed by the pure sunlight of a May morning, or the early afternoon of Autumn, they remain equally delightful and equally matchless.

While visiting these wondrous memorials of imperial times, it is pleasant, too, to recollect later interests attaching to them. Probably there is not a church in Ravenna that has not at some time felt the feet of Dante, or heard the whisper of his voice. Doubtless the ill-fated beauty of Francesca da Polenta, his friend's daughter, has radiated through more than one of them—through that of St. Francesco, especially, as containing the tombs of her family. These same figures have doubtless

beheld her happier eyes, have looked down on his sadder soul, and filled both with visions of quiet serenity and simple loveliness.

Looking up from the twilight pavement or still solemn arcades, and beholding those beautiful pilgrims in glittering array, must have been a continual delight to devotional natures in all subsequent ages, who felt they could joyfully obtain from them a glimpse as it were of true heaven, and the happy simplicity of its saints and angels! When the pure tones of matin-music arose, how serenely sweet, how bliss-inspiring! That glorious company of gathered saints and virgins, would they not seem to be themselves singing around the angel-girt holy ones? Would not Paradise beam down, fair with fadeless flowers, and more radiant than the dawn?

Of the other churches in Ravenna, the most notable are Sta. Maria in Cosmedin, an Arian Baptistery which we must describe presently, and which stands in an irregular lonesome

spot behind our hotel, and S. Giovanni Evangelista, which rises a little back from the Corso we are still in on our return.

The latter's pointed doorway of the thirteenth century is a rich and admirable specimen, being unique in Ravenna. The square campanile is likewise an interesting and picturesque example. The interior contains little to observe, having been denuded of its mosaics. In the disused chapel of St. Bartholomew have been carefully collected the fragments of a mosaic representing the tempest which beset the foundress of the church, the Empress Galla Placidia, on her voyage from Constantinople to Ravenna with her children, when she vowed to build a temple to San Giovanni if she should reach the land.

From its humble and dull exterior, nobody not already accustomed to Ravenna would expect much in the little octagonal called Sta. Maria in Cosmedin. The mosaic of its cupola, however, we venture in some respects to prefer

to that in the purer, larger, and more renowned Baptistery of San Giovanni.

The Baptism here is thus represented. The Saviour is above his waist in the lucent stream, which issues from the vase of a river-god. St. John, clad in leopard's-skin and having a shepherd's crook, stoops toward Christ, whose figure, however, cannot be pronounced so firm and clear as it is shown at the other Baptistery. Below, under a fine circular border of gold leaves on a red ground, separating the golden ground of the two divisions of subject, are depicted the twelve Apostles, St. Peter holding his keys, and St. Paul by the empty cushioned throne, whereon lies a cross with a veil twined round its points of intersection: the rest of the Apostles, unlike the Saviour, have no glories, and they bear their crowns in their hands. A large cornucopia rises quaintly between each and his fellow; and at its base it is made to sprout as if it was a tree. The would-be trunk of each is spiral, and branches of red dates overhang their rims.

On the walls of the adjacent buildings will be noticed some fascinating sculptured crosses of Arian times, which have been built into them. Santo Spirito, a porticoed church of no interest, and to which the space here forms a sort of court, stands close by.

In Ravenna, as we have seen, there is little account taken of anything (unless connected with persons) later than the ninth century. Ravenna was an imperial capital, and a flourishing commercial centre; but the fall of the empire, and the removal of the centre of power, struck a death-blow at her. Among other cities, "like sunrise from the sea," Venice arose. And when we are asked the somewhat natural question why Ravenna, treasure-full of religious art, did not evolve a school of painting or sculpture in later times, we are furnished with an answer quite as natural—namely, that Bologna on one side and Venice on the other absorbed all the talent, and drained every city between them more or less. No great

school at any rate could, or did, flourish between them, but merely second-rate schools like those of Ferrara and Verona, or individuals like Melozzo da Forli and Innocenzo da Imola.

After being shown the treasures of the Library, and obtaining from its windows a last sunny view over the malarious Romagna towards Bologna, our sight-seeing in this the most unique city in Italy came to an end. Alas! after we went, cholera came; and it has been obstinately at its cruel work there ever since.

Ravenna is not an unclean or squalid city: its streets are white and fairly wide, and the sea air passes over it; but the surrounding of rice fields is, as usual, productive of malaria, even were the land not by nature what it is—a brackish marsh. Shelley complained not too severely of the badness of the water; but there is nowadays no traveller, novice though he be, who would venture, we hope, to indulge in

anything but wine in such a city. Brachetto is good.

Leaving Ravenna at twelve, we were enabled, by changing trains at Castel Bolognese, at Bologna, and at Modena, to reach Verona the same night.

AMALFI, SORRENTO, AND ISCHIA.

AMALFI, SORRENTO, AND ISCHIA.

EARLY one spring morning we left Rome for Salerno, with the purpose of reaching Amalfi the same day, and so glided along the Campagna in the sunshine, the larks singing at heaven's gate as we went. Here and there the broken glory of the aqueducts rose beside us, or other ruins that had decayed into the resemblance of random flocks of sheep, until we ascended through whispering olive terraces towards Frascati, and left St. Peter's a mere silvery speck in the bright distance.

From Segni to Ceprano the scenery is refreshing. Long stretches of lofty Apennine, freighted

with deep snows, appear on the left until we come to the well-named Rocca Secca, throning an old castle. I cannot say whether the soil had any sympathetic effect on the writings of the famous Saint Thomas Aquinas, who was born here, but the rock is barren of leaf or blade, and Noah's dove would perhaps have even preferred the ark to it. Nor are any trees green in the meads below it, though the sun is warm. What is noticeable here is that the peasant-women, with their white bodices, many-folded white head-dresses, and long gold earrings, are especially picturesque. In them a spirit comes over the landscape, and we become conscious of the South.

Passing Aquino, we arrive at the foot of renowned Monte Cāsino, crowned with the expanded home of St. Benedict, from one of whose terraces (called by the genial and learned friends we were once entertained by there, "Il Paradiso") we descried the Gulf of Gaeta at sunset, like a small sapphire set in the hills,

at a distance of threescore miles. The monastery looks down abruptly some seventeen hundred feet on to the railroad, and commands noble views of the snow-mantled giants that range far behind it, as well as the quiet tributary plains at their feet. The mere remains of a Roman amphitheatre on a knoll beside the line are not very easily detected by the passer-by.

Later considerably we come to modern Capua, and Caserta, with its empty royal barrack, and so to Naples, where we did not stop many minutes ere we found ourselves doing a familiar journey skirting the blue bay; now gazing over its waters towards dim Capri, or towards Monte D'Auro, with Castellamare silvering its sandals. Presently we were edging between Vesuvius and the sea, crossing old lava-currents among squalid habitations whose asphalted roofs were golden with drying maize, and noting forlorn aloes struggling for life from the sullen soil, while "the waves were dancing fast and bright" in the living air.

Yet the beauty of this is not comparable to a scene much further south on the same coast, where we found ourself one morning listening to larks and stonechats singing above a low strip of shore with casual thickets of prickly-pear. Beyond a dark stripe of blue water lifted the lofty cliff-land of Sicily etherealised, as it were the coast of heaven; while garmented in bright snows, far above it, stood mighty Etna against a turquoise sky.

And not alone in mere loveliness of scene is the Bay of Naples overrated; but the sum of its default seems to us to consist in the hideous amount of tragic circumstance inseparable from it. There is, to begin with, Vesuvius, with its chronicle of disaster and heartless caprice; there is Naples, a sink of hopeless ignorance, cruelty, and corruption; there is enchanting Capri, notorious for the monstrosities of an imperial vampire; Ischia, a huge pit of death twice within our latest memories: and lastly, there is the remembrance of the fact that continual

visitors to "La Bella Napoli" see its beauty and die. The unislanded, more open Gulf of Salerno has none of these defects, nor has it the intense interest of them. There is no Pompeii there to unfold the story of middle-class antiquity and human animality. But it has busy Amalfi, once a worthy rival of Pisa, Venice in the days of her greatness; it has Salerno, the parent of modern medicine, sung by the Latin bards, and famous as a Norman stronghold; and it has Pæstum, immortal for the Doric temples. Above all these associative merits, it is surpassingly beautiful—it is so serene, so spacious, so free. We have passed by La Cava and the terrace banks of blue anemone as we wound through the extremity of the long valley, and our train now lets us alight to the three-horse carriage awaiting our arrival; and there, before and below us, spreads out the glorious gulf, soft airs blowing freshly up from it. Our bells begin to resound in the crannies of the rocky coast-road where a drive

of ten miles lies in front. Martins flying northward pass over us, the first ones seen this year. Grand tree-spurges, golden coronilla, and rosemary abloom stand and stream over the rocks beside and above us; while below, from little steeps of gardened rock, virgin-pink blossoming nectarine-trees look forth delicately over their azure *plaisances*.

The early evening had darkened each successive bay and townlet till we reached Atrani, at the entrance of a great ravine called "Dragone," where signs of civilisation in the shape of street-lamps began to appear. Soon after this, a sharp wind brought us round another coign of the coast, and Amalfi likewise glimmered from its own snug hollow at the end of the Valle de' Molini.

Our vehicle was brought up, in the thick of an inquisitive crowd just free from their shops and mills up the gorge behind, at the old hotel in a dark corner of the Marina. There we had to dismount, though fortunately not to stay, for

our destination, despite the polite regrets of the landlord, was settled already with his brother at the old Capuchin Monastery high above; so we hastened on our way up the many-turning steps here called streets, that lead under and between all manner of dwellings, till we found ourselves breathing freer air and overlooking the quiet sea. A few minutes more brought us up to the moonlit monastery sheltering beneath an enormous precipice of rock and commanding the wide gleaming gulf. How one longed for morning!

Later in the evening a quiet walk along a trellised colonnade or Pergola, for which one has to thank the former Frati, revealed further beauties. The air, fragrant of such flowers the season afforded, seemed divinely soft, yet by no means enervating, like the air of Rome at the hour we left. The sounds of voices came from the little town far below. On the waters, here and there, wandered a torchlight, where fishers were busy at the work of spearing,—a

process, by the way, which wounds more fish than it kills.

On awaking in our cell ere the shutters were opened, a soothing general hum, as of some great swarm, livened the air. This proceeded from the bells of the old Cathedral of Amalfi: in which no particular bell was heard above the rest, like a well-sung chorus. The narrowest aperture seemed at once to flood the chamber with dazzling light. On looking forth, one beheld Amalfi nestled like a dove in the sheltered hollow of the rocky coast below; its wings, as it were, spreading whitely from the grey beach, where bright-coloured fishing craft lie abed on the shingle, and the dark red-brown nets are spread out to dry, up to the lemon-terraces that line the steep sides of the hills. A mile beyond, a barren limestone cape juts out into the sea, radiant with golden light, and still nearer, a broken old fortress-tower rises on a green height commanding the town itself, whence snatches of happy, if nasal, song, with

occasional savour of tar and bees-wax, reach one. More distant towards Salerno a fairy flotilla of lateen-sails glides over the dreamy calm. The eye then follows the dim outline of wild mountain-heights wreathed with hazy snows that travel down Calabria, and at their feet the low wildering plains that sweep for miles past the great lonely temples round to Cape Palinurus. Such was the first prospect from our new abode.

Above the vine-trellised Pergola hangs a wood dense with ilex, lentisk, and Mediterranean heath, around whose sprays the dark sheeny leaves of bryony were seen spiralling. Later in the year it will tendril like the vines themselves. As we proceed up one of the winding paths, grey and green lizards rustle gaily along on each side, and the trees become vocal with small birds—a true pleasure in a land where every songster is unpreserved "game." Further we reach some over-matted lemon-terraces, just as a large black but harmless snake streams swiftly before us towards one of their rough walls, no

doubt disturbed in his quiet basking, for the warmth here is that of a day in early June. Already our hands are rich with madder, myrtle, a sort of Woodsia, and the cloth-fern, which abounds.

The wood thins off as it ascends to the base of the huge face of rock that shadows it. We seldom met any one up there; most people were content with the views from the Pergola. We do not blame them; but we would desire to give them a brief idea of the sweet solitude above, which also has charms. We sat down near a stone tank of fresh water overlooking the fragrant roofs of the lemon-terraces. Not far away from us, from the bold overhanging rock, descended a shower of sparkling drops, making the air cool. Some little way immediately below, four dark slim cypresses stood relieved and waving against the far-down azure waters, whereon the southern breezes were playing. Half-a-day's voyage with sails, out on the extreme horizon, shone the snow-veiled mon-

archs of Calabria, girdled with suppliant silver clouds.

Close above us flourished a grotesque Opuntia, darkening and hardening into wood; on our left waved myrtle and bay, near which classic Acanthus spread her bounteous treasure of leaves; while beyond her, visited by gentle butterflies, the tall white iris displayed her perfect charms to the beloved light: listening in utter stillness to the continual chorus of nimble drops, or to the tiny voices of some golden-crested wrens from among the jutting bushes of argus-eyed spurge, breath-stealing herbs, and lentisks on the cliff above. The sea seemed heaven; and there was heaven above. Was there not Paradise around?

In the afternoon we determined to arrive at the summit of this cliff, which cannot be gained from the woodland. We first went down into Amalfi, and followed the mill-stream up its wondrous valley until we were directed to a path which gradually brought us, by anemone

and orchis, lemon-grove and oak-copse, to the desired height, whereon we found the remains of another castle of mediæval days, whose grey walls bore gentle burthens of purple stock. Amalfi could be heard far beneath—its maternal bells responding the hour to those of the various hill-villages.

Another morning, passing round the first point beyond Amalfi, we ascended the romantic Val Dragone with its rushing stream for two miles, till we reached the Duomo and Piazza of long-dwindled Ravello. The rocks and stone walls were everywhere filling up with green gifts of the spring; while the little woods of oak and chestnut above them sent forth sweet promise of summer from their pavements of dead brown leaves, in the shape of violet and periwinkle. Inspiring breaths of cool air greeted us at every turn of the sharp mountain-sides. We felt convinced that none but invalids and æsthetes should miss the pleasures of this walk.

"And why," asks the traveller, "did they

ever build a rich cathedral up here? Was it not already a waste to have raised one still more sumptuous down there, at Amalfi?" Yet these were not the only ones hereabouts. Scala, and Pontone yonder, also had their cathedrals. All, in fact, were once flourishing walled towns in one wealthy locality, and the Church held them in her grip. The fall of Amalfi, through Pisan conquest, by the attack of pirates, and the terrible inroads of the sea, struck death-blows at all. Ravello was sacked, and its glory departed as far as worldly prosperity was concerned. Its real glory, however, its unrivalled prospect, was of course beyond man's power to rob. It is rather surprising that such a delicate masterpiece of thirteenth-century sculpture as the pulpit or gospel ambo (1272) should have survived this general destruction and consequent decay. It is a rich example of Byzantine-Romanesque workmanship;—in form an oblong, resting on six richly-capitalled columns, whose spiral flutings are "thick inlaid"

with Opus Alexandrinum. These, in turn, rise from the backs of six small but fairly-characteristic lions. At each corner of the upper portion stands a smaller spiral column resting itself on a deeply-foliate border, and, as it were, supporting a still more beautiful binding-rim above. The steps to it are enclosed in stiff but richly-inlaid walls. The artist was one Niccola da Foggia. On the opposite side of the church is seen another ambo having two comical green-monotone mosaics, in which the whale is represented swallowing and ejecting Jonah. Nicolas Breakspeare, of Langley, near St. Albans, otherwise Pope Adrian the Fourth, who humbled the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, and in whose papacy the doctrine of transubstantiation was promulgated, once celebrated high mass in this little cathedral. Admirals seem to have been zealous in the cause of the Church in those days; if we recollect aright, the church called "La Martorana," at Palermo, was raised in 1143 by Georgios Antiochenus, Lord High

Admiral to King Roger, while this of S. Pantaleone was founded by Niccolo Rufolo, Admiral to the first great Count Roger of Sicily.

We passed on to the Palazzo Rufolo, an ancient villa, in the Saracenic style, with towers and cloisters, now the property of a native of Britain. Its garden is interesting for commanding one of the finest prospects in Southern Italy, which no printed words dare describe, or mere brush depict; paradise of sea-scenery spreads beneath it. We were informed by the gardener that unless we wrote our names and addresses in the common visitors' book, we could not be permitted to behold this prospect; a rather unnecessary adjunct to the fee it seemed to us. But then, we are used to our countrymen abroad, and we desired to see the view.

A day is amply filled out with a visit to the distant plains of Pæstum. A drive of two hours towards Salerno, or stopping short at the

station of Vietri, enables the traveller to take train, and as the railway now possesses a station near the ruins, the old dusty drive of twelve miles from Battipaglia (= Beaten-straw) is avoided. Never shall we forget the wild rabble of rough slouch-hatted Calabrian faces that used formerly to throng outside that station, awaiting, with their vehicles, the arrival of possible employers. The scenery beyond the Tusciano, as we traverse the monotonous plain, miles upon miles, assumes wilder and bolder character. Cultivation becomes more scattered, and we pass the battle-ground where, in 71 B.C., Crassus as prætor crushed the rebel army of Spartacus, and won his consulship from Pompey. The air blows softly, but is strongly tainted with asphodel. Frogs croak loudly as we pass near their foul, rushy pools. The ground, besides being marshy, sends up dense thickets of bramble and lentisk, among which herds of small swinish buffaloes feed and wallow. On our distant right shines

the blue strip of sea, and on our left the swampy plain gradually rises, with here and there a patch of vivid green wheat, and cotton-fields, to the sombre, lonely-looking mountains. The temples of Pæstum are now close to us, on our right.

There is a decidedly unpleasant look about the modern name of the locality, Pesto, as we descry it on the little eucalyptus-girt station, with a chorus of frog-music proceeding as we alight.

We soon made our way to the often-described temple of Neptune, the central and largest of the three, from the architrave of which flew two kestrels as we neared, while in the cloudless blue above sang the lark. What a situation! These shrines stood in the centre of a noble city facing the anciently nearer sea-line, and looking over it to the far-off aerial crags and pinnacles of Amalfi, while to the south they held in view the giant masses of Lucanian mountain. The fair city has dissolved around

them, and they alone remain, like enchanted islets in the flood of time. How hopeless their desolation feels, despite the stored-up sunlight that seems given off by their phalanxes of creamy-grey Travertine columns! From peristyle, architrave, pediment and capital, wave wild-flowers and grasses. Over pavement and altar-base run dynasties of lithe green lizards. How many splendid fragments can we see scattered among the thorns and quagmires around—many, indeed, which should be rescued even now, and replaced!

Painters usually represent these temples on a larger scale than is correct; but they stand on a low and very wide plain, with huge mountains to dwarf them, not on the edge of a continuous wall of rock like those at Girgenti; and their build is short, sturdy, everlasting.

It is easy to picture the wealthy, busy population of ancient Poseidonium, circulating about their grand new fanes, glowing fresh from the tinter's hand, perfect in completeness. Then

fancy the festivals, the singing, the garlanded victims—oxen, or human slaves! The surges of joy, the wild storms of lamentation! Prosperity, conquest, captivity, decay, ruin, all present themselves.

And at evening now arise from the swamps around, white deadly mists, like ghosts of the mysterious past, curling and weaving weird spells among the stately columns, then evanishing capriciously; then again blinding the stars as they look down on these forlorn shrines of the gods.

Again, morning pales the calm procession of stars as it continues ascending above those heights. The mists relax their hold. The grey masses loom into shape. The god is coming! Will it not thunder? The sun is arisen, but is not yet seen for the mountains. Stillness prevails, save for the sullen bellowing of a distant buffalo. The frogs in their pools are silent. The coldness of death fills the air. But now the first beams bring rain of bright

morning-arrows from over yonder ridge. The already lit shrines kindle into full golden glory, proclaiming that their strength is still young. Zephyr glides cheerfully down to meet those beams; waves the wet foliage where it clings; touches and opens the silver crocus-stars that lie like imprinted kisses among the grass, and the record of night and its glamour is gone.

We came back to Salerno,—famous in story for Tancred, in history for Robert Guiscard, and, before him, for the great Hildebrand (Gregory VII.), who in bitter exile died here in 1085,—reflecting the golden-red light of late afternoon. As our drive grew dark along the many-winding coast-road to Amalfi, the outlines of rocky gorge and leafy glen were firmly relieved against the bright beading constellations in the pure calm heaven above them. Along the face of bare rock a random early firefly gleamed now and then. In one especial cinquefoiled inlet of the road a large kiln, being constantly fed with bundles of fuel, threw forth

a fierce glow, paling the stars to weirdness, and hurling mystical human shadows upon the neighbouring cliffs. The mouth of the furnace seemed to follow us at every turn for a time, like some supernatural eye of intense fire, and the sea below kept magically still.

The huge iron hills of Calabria looked as if dreaming behind their delicate veils of blue air long after another sun had arisen. The waters were rippled as if by the even breath of summer, though the "rivers of the sea" could be seen traversing them. Cape after cape, with their royal treasures of olive and lemon, fell down to the level sapphire. Our last day at Amalfi had come. Once more it was impossible to refrain from musing on the changes of time. Despite the invasions of the sea, to reflect that Amalfi had become so mean and squalid; to feel assured that yonder huddled-up populace of shameless beggars is all that remains of a town of fifty thousand aristocratic republicans, whose doges once dictated to emperors and kings;

whose fleets swept the Mediterranean; which coined its own monies; which built a church and convent at Jerusalem, and an hospital from which connection the Knights of Malta held their honours. It is easier, perhaps, for an unlegal mind to credit that the Pandects of Justinian were discovered here in the ruins and carried off by the plundering Pisans, than to realise *these* other things.

Evening spread out her glittering veil after the last flush of crimson had gloomed on the solemn mountain-heights opposite; and once more Jupiter and Mars were seen rising over the still world of waters.

Our journey took us next to Sorrento, on the northern side of the same promontory. The weather was not favourable for accomplishing it by sailing, and the exquisite road round the coast was not yet finished, so, after debating as to crossing the mountains, we were led to decide on the old long drive round by La Cava and Castellamare. The blue anemone brightened

the green banks after Vietri was passed, and merry newly arrived swifts were coursing the arcaded streets of La Cava.

The monastery of La Trinita, an eleventh-century offshoot of Monte Casino, lies less than two miles off, and is not as romantic-looking as, for its fine surroundings of mountain and woodland valley, it ought to be. In its possessions it is in every respect inferior to the parent monastery. On the great organ we were treated to a tawdry display of music from the Traviata; while on an equally fine one in the shrine of Monte Casino we had listened spell-bound to Palestrina and Pergolesi, played by our friend the excellent Prior. The missals and ancient charters shown here at La Cava are, however, of great interest. The visitor finds himself scanning the sign-manual of Roger, or Ruggiero, king of Sicily, granting land and slaves to the monastery, sealed with a golden seal—a name, too, that throws a fascinating glamour over entire Southern Italy. Also he may see a

curious deed of the year 792, called "Morgengabe," by which a husband assigns property to his wife on the day after marriage. An attractive Gothic design in marble relief, of ivy-leaves with little points like the horns of a snail, runs round a doorway leading out of the dormitory, near which will also be noticed some excellent specimens of old "Pietra dura" work, in which the worker, unlike the modern Florentine workers, has wisely understood the true limits of his art, and treated his birds and flowers conventionally, instead of attempting in vain to out-do the painter in close imitation of nature.

Silvery clouds rode high above us as we followed the dusty road between the brown mountains towards Vesuvius. White oxen dragging, nose on ground almost, at carts piled up with golden rape, passed us ere we reached San Clemente. The traveller is usually puzzled by the appearance on the hillsides of numerous little brick towers, like miniature campaniles in

the Ravenna style. They are used during the autumn migration of pigeons as warning-towers to the trappers with nets in the fields below, whence criers stationed aloft in them give notice of the birds' coming, and throw out white stones as lures to the too-simple birds, which are caught in great numbers.

Little umbrella-pines begin to appear in formal lines, like green aqueducts, in the distance as we pass Nocera and approach the burning mountain: while hard-by bright almond-trees blush against the budding fields. The air, as we gain Castellamare and the Bay of Naples, becomes decidedly cooler. The land of lemons is exchanged for the land of the orange.

Looking out between our shutters a little after daybreak, a curious low line of mist screened all the straggling shore-towns 'twixt Naples and Torre del Greco, so that only an occasional white speck on the flank of Vesuvius betokened human dwelling. The waters were sleeping under the new-risen sun. Every dark rift or

rut of the broad mountain was firmly defined; and above it the labouring column of silver smoke travelled away softly from the south till losing its consistency it became a long wisp of dullish red cloud beyond Ischia. Further round the bay the rocky San Martino jutted above the mist, but no Naples was to be seen.

The roads and some of the walks, but by no means all of them, about Sorrento are too well described by better pens than mine to need mention here. But though every one has heard of the pines of Massa, we have met few who seem to have held actual communion with them; and the reason became patent to us when we quitted our vehicle on the winding road at the point immediately below them, intending to gain their quiet shade. We noticed a mysterious smile on our driver's face as he drove away, describing the purposed achievement as "cattivo."

Some cyclamen and sweet grape hyacinth engaged our attention for a while ere we made

much progress upward. We then set forward till we were fronted by a new line of white wall joining the face of an inaccessible rock at one end, unkindly set up to foil poet, painter, and every other lover of beauty. We now understood the grin of our driver, though no doubt it concerned the lady of the party rather than myself. We were not to be conquered so abruptly, however. So stones of size and convenient form were gathered together till we were able to pass the wall without losing flower or stick. Once accomplished, we found a small boy coming towards us to order us back again "per la strada." Picking our way considerately among his olives and bean-plots,, we soon beheld our beautiful pines singing above us, set in a narrow limestone glen. We regretted the rapid loss of the sun as we turned a moment to survey the distant leaden colours, streaked, however, here and there with pale shoots of falling light, and from which, ominously distinct, Capri arose against the west. One could almost distinguish golden

broom and silver asphodel on the rocky shore far below us, where it broke down to the quiet sea.

Little weird breaths of storm-wind waxed and waned among the seven dark pines as we sat beneath them looking out on the shadowing scene. Sometimes one only would be singing, then followed a chorus from all together, which would gradually die away into the solemnest whisper, as of an ancestral voice: now over one's head, now beside one, till there succeeded a strange short stirring, accumulating wildly to a sudden full stop. Again, anger and contention seemed to resound and reply; then an especial sweet murmur, as of the voice of Love, would run through all seven, until one was enchanted and knew not whether this Æolian music is of earth or from heaven.

When at Sorrento a few years back there had happened at Casamicciola, on the island of Ischia, the first of the two dreadful disasters by earthquake, which caused such tragic interest in the

locality. The latter of the two was so much more destructive of life that memory of the former one has been incorporated unconsciously with it. But as an eye-witness immediately after the event, the writer has some interest in the notes that here follow, which were made on the spot, and which, simple as they are, may convey some idea of the terrible scenes which are the adjuncts of earthquakes.

We had learned that the original colonists of Ischia had been driven by the dread of earthquakes from their island, and that Monte Epomeo had sent down streams of lava to the sea five hundred and eighty years ago. But security had become time-honoured among the industrious Ischiotes; and none expected this first tokening of future danger and destruction. Dark clouds veiled the desolate peak as we landed to visit the scene of disaster, to which we were driven by a garrulous person whose dialect was difficult. White tents became visible after some minutes, and not knowing the

exact former appearance of the position, we perhaps did not as easily detect the signs of havoc as we should have done. Soldiers were seen posted here and there, and poor women crying at the roadside, some alone, some leading their children aimlessly. We stopped to note a long fissure traversing our road, and were soon observing ruined vine and olive-yards, whose terraces had slid down bodily one over another into utter confusion. New mounds have piled themselves here and there. "We begin to wonder whether we are not rash in visiting the place so soon; but details are now pouring in at ears and eyes. We reach the little town, where deplorable mischief meets us at every turn. The place looks as if it had just been bombarded. The houses, for the most part thinly constructed, have gone down, like cards, pouring cataracts of rubble into the streets. Men are at work still trying to rescue the bodies alive or dead of a few more missing ones of the hundred and twenty. Some houses

have collapsed entirely; of others the façade alone remains, its doors and shutters swinging in the breeze and letting the blue heaven now smile calmly through. We luncheoned at the hotel called Piccola Sentinella, and found, though more solidly built than most of the houses in the town, that a perilous fissure or two wandered about the walls of the dining-room. The waiter informed us that 'it rattled terribly,' and pointed out to a heap of stones some fifty yards away. We were led to surmise that were another shock to occur the result would be indescribably ruinous, so precarious did the stability of those buildings which had comparatively escaped appear to be. On coming away we visited the church, wherein we found the dome had fallen in upon the altar. On leaving it, a little child was brought up to us for pity, whose parents and playmates had been all killed in a neighbouring house; while itself was on a front balcony—the only side of the building that remained,—whence it was rescued by

a ladder, crying in terror." Such was our experience of Casamicciola. As the reader knows too well, "another shock" did occur the following year, to the loss of three thousand more lives, and in which this little hotel with its inmates perished, while the learned were quarrelling as to whether it was due to actual earthquake or "mere subsidence."

Looking out from under those solemn-whispering pines over the darkening sea, we could not help recalling these tragic scenes. But let us now leave them and mount to the wilderness of brambles and boulders above, snatching at myrtles as we pass. Larks and finches are singing up there, despite the gathering storm-wind with its little ghost-like tattered clouds that flit towards Vesuvius. We had the satisfaction of unsetting several bird-traps which we found up there, and were glad of it when descending we met a lad offering us a wheat-ear which had been deprived of an eye, probably by him. The Southern Italian is far

more wilful in his cruelty than the Northern, though both excuse their infliction of sufferings on birds, reptiles, and animals with the same "non sono christiani." Are not the low-born priests responsible for this bitter mockery? That the degenerate creatures of Naples should be heartless is one thing, but that the people of Sorrento should still bear this reproach is quite another. The birthplace of Tasso, industrious as it is, encourages beggary and permits cruelty. Let these things be looked to by its rich and honest citizens!—This is "the mildewed ear blasting his wholesome brother."

BRESCIA.

BRESCIA.

IF Milan is not arcaded throughout as are Padua and Bologna, it possesses at least two very noble refuges from rain and sun. The one is of course the Duomo: the other is the great modern arcade or galleria: and the one lies only a stone-throw from the other. Nevertheless, the steadfast power of a stormy autumn day in Northern Italy can render the crossing mournful to an umbrella; for not only may it be blown inside out, but it may become so charged with rain as to leave a trail on the august pavement of the cathedral wherever you wander therein: and during our last few hours in the city, one or two small matters connected

with that interior drew us to brave the untoward elements. The chief matter was to visit the handsome monument erected in the southern transept by Pope Pius IV. (not Paul IV. as the guide books have it) to his brothers Giacomo and Gabriele de Medici, natives of Milan, but nowise related to the merchant-princes of that name, though the stained window beside their memorial emblazons the same arms. The success of this adventurous family was especially striking; and Milan may be said to have reaped some of her proudest laurels for all time from the good fortune of an unscrupulous corsair. Let us digress a few moments, as we contemplate this wealthy Renaissance cenotaph of marble and bronze, in order to peep at the humanity it commemorates.

The eldest of these three brothers, Gian Giacomo, became a soldier; the second, Giovanni, became a jurist; and the third, Gabriele, died before he reached the age of thirty. Their father, Bernardino de Medici, was "born poor

and of low condition," but seems to have risen by his own industry to fulfilling the post of tax-farmer at Milan. His wife was one Cecilia Serbelloni.

Gian Giacomo, afterwards known as the Marchese di Marignano, contrived to oblige the ruling Sforza family "by ridding them of a rival Visconti, named Monsignorino." But when this murder was accomplished, it became a necessity for them to get their successful servitor out of the way. They, after the manner of their time, however, devised to have him also dead. Accordingly, they sent him up the Lake of Como to the castle of Musso, which then crowned that steep natural rock, with a letter to its governor. The wily youth, suspecting bad faith, opened the missive, and discovering their treachery, got together his comrades, revealed the purpose, and resolved to act decisively. By means of the letter he obtained entrance (whether, like Hamlet, he altered and erased matters in the document is still questioned),

and, finally, possession of the castle. He at once set to work to fortify it, his two sisters Clarina and Margherita lending their labour to the work. "From that time he assumed the position of an independent prince. Secure in his fortress, he kept the Milanese, the Swiss, and the Venetians in constant activity by his continual encroachments. After some years he took the white cross, and entered the Imperial service, receiving the title of Marchese di Marignano. He served as Brigadier-General in the Lutheran war, and later he commanded the forces of the Emperor Charles V. against Siena. "It is computed that he put to death at least five thousand men." In fact, he was employed against that noble city by his namesake, the Grand Duke Cosimo; and while he besieged the famine-stricken town, "he destroyed many a wretched peasant with his iron staff, and scarcely was there a tree far or near upon which he had not caused some one to be hanged." What must not have been the

feelings of Sodoma, who had lately so much beautified the luxurious city of his adoption? Pestilence succeeded, and Ruin.

Finally, Milan followed this ferocious brigand to his grave, her senate actually in mourning for him. As for Giovanni, at Rome, "when his brother, the Marchese, married Orsina, sister-in-law to Pier Luigi Farnese" (a son of Paul III.), he was himself made a cardinal. "Owing, nevertheless, to enmity borne him by Paul IV. (Carafa) he left Rome, and resided first at Pisa, and finally at Milan, where he gained applause and affection by his beneficence.

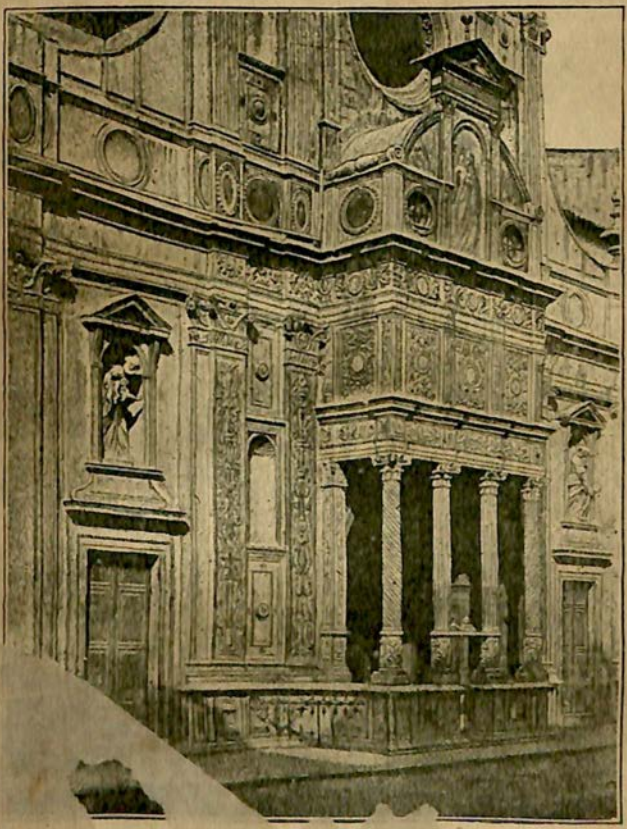
When Paul died, Giovanni di Medici was immediately elected Pope. "It was very probably," says Von Ranke, "the extreme contrast he exhibited which mainly contributed to his election." The nephews of his predecessor now aspired to independent principalities: and for this he took terrible judgments upon his responsibility. Three were put to death, among them a cardinal. They were the last political

examples of conspicuously-favoured kinsmen of the Papacy. Nepotism was ended.

The sister Clarina had married Count Ghiberto Borromeo, and thus became the mother of the renowned Saint Carlo Borromeo, whose body, in hideous decay, is seen enshrined in a gorgeous chapel in the crypt. A pope! A brigand!! A saint!!!

The monument engaged our reverie for these things rather than for its intrinsic merits: thoug' the idealised portrait in armour; and the bron figures of Fates (?) indicate interestingly t direct influences both of Michael Angelo and Cellini. We passed back into the giant forest of solemn arcades, catching sound of the chanting voices as if at a distance, and so out into the rain, through the Galleria to our hotel, and then at once to the station, whence our train now starts for Brescia.

Autumn has begun to be felt by the long ranges of poplar that line the canals, though for the most part the fields and foli- 'ook



fresh enough. We pass Treviglio and its lofty tower; with open belfry of three arches and pyramidal spire, and then begin to feel really on our way into Venetia. In two hours we were traversing the rich plain at the foot of the mountains, and ahead of us, frowning still over the great city at its feet, we could descry the old fortress of the Viscontis, whencè the barbarous Austrians bombarded Brescia in 1849. We enter the city through the Porta San Nazaro, and, as usual, find ourselves passing along a Corso Vittorio Emmanuele. The very elaborately sculptured façade of a small church—Santa Maria dei Miracoli—with a pillared porch, caught the eye on the way, as an agreeable preface to better things.

The first glance from our windows in the Albergo d'Italia serves to assure us that Brescia will prove rewarding. The street below by its width hereabouts forms an oblong space which does duty as a piazza. The regular line of small dwellings opposite are supported on a

double arcade with shops, where plenty of officers are sitting over their café and smoking. Above it, against the sky, runs an inviting little pergola still freshly green; a poet's walk on the housetop. The police who stand here and there at the corners have very tall hats, quaintly-long coats, and canes with pewter tops: so they have an old-fashioned look. At the turn of the arcade, up an evidently important street, an abundant play of water pours into a creamy-marble bath at which some children are playing.

On passing this point we found ourselves following a long low arcade of shops until we came to a short street on our right, which took us at once into the old Piazza del Duomo. Here in odd company beside one another stand the old and the new cathedral. The latter is of little importance in any respect: while the former, called the "Rotunda," is a curious Lombard building of the seventh century, in process of restoration. Continuing, we proceeded to the ancient Broletto or Palace of the Republic, flanking a narrow

street beyond, and extending its finest portion down towards us and the Piazza, at which southern corner of it lifts the stone "Torre del Popolo" with its stern battlemented belfry. The interior reveals to us a spacious, once entirely cloistered quadrangle, with pointed arches, the walls evidencing considerable early alterations. But though a most interesting building to the student of Lombard-Gothic, its forlornness does not commend it to the ordinary traveller, who should nevertheless easily discover the merits of the luxuriantly-moulded brick-work of a large rose-window and a cornice. But as in the church of St. Pantaleone at Pavia, he may find that the rose-window loses its effect by being situated too near the ground, and being by its great importance out of all proportion to the small doors and windows in its neighbourhood. The coats of arms over the door were hacked from their shields by the civilising French in 1796.

Leaving this illustrious memorial of mediæval

times, we soon began winding slowly up hill, past the prison, towards the Castello, obtaining continually a more and more spacious view over the rich plain of Lombardy: the sunlight piercing the storm-clouds upon the western hills, and flooding the air with ruddy gold, illuming every town and tower far and near. We could distinguish the campanile of Tréviglio; and a courteous old Cardinal passing down to vespers, kindly pointed out to us Cremona on the distant horizon.

Turning along the high roadway we skirted the escarpments of the bold Castello, and zigzagged down to another quarter of Brescia, which was dirty and getting dark, yet not obtrusively unpleasant, and certainly abounding in fair marble fountains. A little later, by a most agreeable surprise, we launched from a narrow alley straight into the delightful Piazza Vecchia, the great Palladian Palazzo della Municipalita (1508–1580) with its court and fine putto friezes on our right,—the Torre del Orologio above the

PALAZZO DELLA MUNICIPALITA.—*p.* 200.

line of low arcaded houses on our left, and a more interesting old building, with a rich quatro-cento balcony-loggia,—Monte di Pietà,—opposite us. We were pleased to find it possible to admire to our content without sign of interruption by beggars or ciceroni. In these respects Brescia is apparently a notable exception to most other Italian towns. The evening was advancing as we quitted the Piazza; the shops, beneath their bustling arcades, were being lit up; and the figures of the old clock commenced striking their bell.

We expected rougher accommodation and harder fare at our hotel, but found it worthy of the excellent city; and the only fault was the Parisian cook's satire on the robust Englishman in sending up roast beef, with the 'roast' (like Hamlet) left out by imagined special desire. Do foreigners actually believe the Frenchman still, and think that we devour flesh in the innocent way of Hamran Arabs or cannibals?

Next morning, being cloudless, and the air divinely nimble, we determined to make familiar

acquaintance with the Brescian master Moretto (otherwise Alessandro Bonvicino), whose masterpieces (unlike those of Titian, which are best seen anywhere but in Venice) adorn the churches and galleries of the city of his abode. He is famous in his own country. He was born at Rovato about 1498, and lived here in the Contrada di San Clemente, in the church of which he still lives in a fine altar-piece, though his tomb is also there. The art of Moretto strikes a more assured note of Venetian relationship perhaps than anything else in Brescia. In viewing his noblest work one seems to see a rainbow of more illustrious spirits, not vulgarly imitated or slavishly reflected there, but sweetly and loftily influencing the refined soul of the painter. And who are they? Not Leonardo, nor Perugino, nor the Bellini! But Titian strongly; Raphael mildly; and in two instances (especially the cold grey tone and soft beauty of draughtsmanship in the figure of St. Michael of the "Coronation" in S. Nazzaro e Celso, and

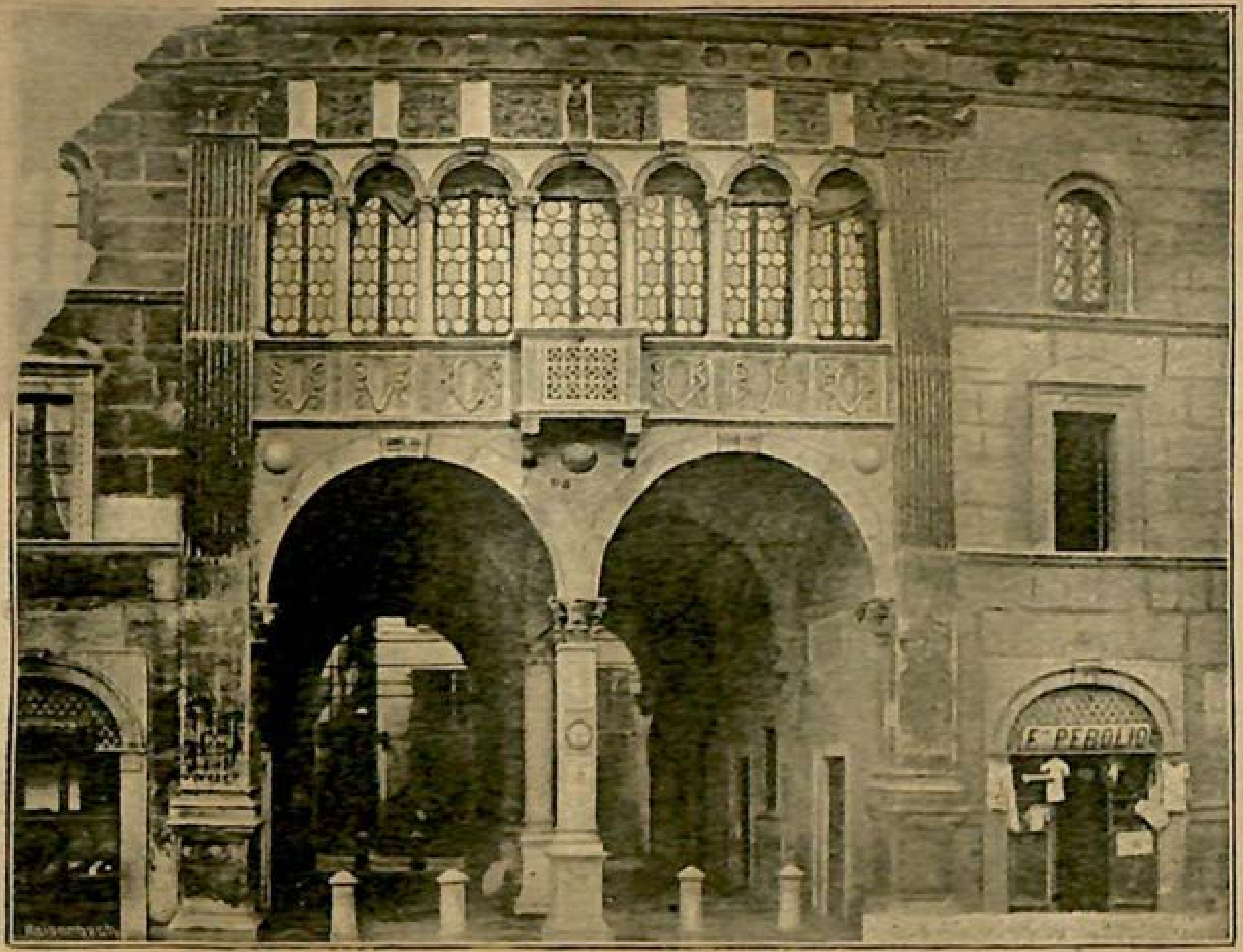
in the "Angel" figure of the "Elijah" subject in S. Giovanni Evangelista)—Sodoma! Besides these can be traced the influence of Pordenone and other Venetians. These constitute family likenesses to a great extent: at anyrate Moretto the Brescian is even more Venetian than he is Veronese. His Brescian temperament controls and assimilates his eclecticism. Altogether his natural gifts give him a high position.* Among the multitude of his works in this city (many of which have suffered the common destiny), we especially admired an altar-piece (1539) in S. M. dei Miracoli (1480), representing St. Nicholas of Bari in rich, not gorgeous, episcopal robes, leading children before the Madonna, who sits with Christ on her knee on a pedestal opposite him at the right of the work: looking blandly down and point-

* Lastly, he is interesting to us as having been the Master of Moroni. The similarity in the names of several of these masters is apt to confuse the traveller at his first acquaintance with them. However, Morando is less than either of these in importance.

ing towards one of the little orphan boys who bears "the three balls." The first two children are clad in dark green silk.* They fortunately reveal none of the precocity which sometimes spoils the whole picture of a greater master. This is a fairly representative work.

We next travelled a considerable way towards the south-eastern portion of Brescia, catching charming glimpses of frescoed courts with fountains, which indeed form a conspicuous feature of this pleasant town. We entered the church of S. Alessandro as we passed by, in order to see the "Annunciation" by Angelico, which fairly astonished us; and it was afterwards agreed that Florence itself contained no two specimens finer. The tone is soft and admirable in effect, despite the amount of gold used, which it is reported from the archives of the church cost eleven ducats. The robe of the angel Gabriel is mostly composed of it, but is most skilfully wrought with patterns, so

* The children were orphans of the Roncaglia family.



MONTE DE PIETÀ.—*f.* 204.

as to give the idea of plasticity: Seldom in older masters do golden robes show otherwise than stiff and cumbrous.

Further on we came to Sta. Afra, the Church of the holy patroness of Brescia: not the same Sta. Afra we meet with at Augsburg, and who figures in the works of Suabian masters. This Brescian Sta. Afra was converted to Christianity by the influence of SS. Faustinus and Giovitus, two brothers, who were beheaded by the walls of Brescia, not far from the Venetian gate, by order of the Emperor Hadrian. Her martyrdom is represented by Paolo Veronese over her altar within the church, wherein the painter has curiously portrayed himself in the severed head of St. Giovitus. But the restorer has patronised the picture. Bassano also has a picture here of her baptism by S. Apollonius.

The Venetian picture of the "Woman taken in Adultery" is given on good authority to Giulio Campi. The woman's left arm in size and drawing is far too faulty for the greater Venetians them-

selves; yet both Christ and the woman herself are striking and appropriate. The church is frescoed all over. The façade is now under restoration.

From Sta. Afra to the Galleria Tosi is but a short distance. This little gallery, though by no means equal in merit to the Poldi-Pezzoli collection at Milan, contains a few masterworks. Count Tosi generously bequeathed it to his native city in 1842. Amongst its treasures is the small Pax Vobis—a half-length of the thorn-crowned Christ pointing to his wound with one hand and blessing with the other—by Raphael. It was painted 1504–6, and is in excellent preservation. Count Tosi purchased the picture from the Moscas of Pesaro. Moretto shows here with a *chef-d'œuvre*, the "Supper at Emmaus." Lorenzo Lotto (whose capital portraits in the Brera will not be forgotten) has a "Nativity" with angels, a work of considerable power and even much beauty, but spoiled by theatrical eccentricity and an over-display of Corregiesque blue in

Madonna's robe. Two small Francias are noticeable, though in a bad state.

Brescia has the honour of having been the first city in Europe which caused ancient inscriptions to be preserved. Her antiquarian instinct was grandly satisfied and rewarded by the discovery and excavation (1820) of a temple of Hercules, supposed to have been built and dedicated to the Emperor Vespasian, A.D. 72. Within the area of this building now stands the Museo Patrio. There are some curious gilt bronze heads of low types, by no means beautiful, in one of the rooms; and in the next is a fine collection of Roman coins and a first-rate Etruscan vase, on which Hercules, under protection of Pallas, is slaying the Nemean lion. The supreme object of interest, nevertheless, is the draped and winged bronze figure of Fame, of which we here give a representation. The drapery is perhaps over-elaborated. The upper portion slips down over her right arm, revealing the bosom in a very natural manner. The

left knee is raised, and the restored shield, upon which her right hand inscribes, is made to rest on the front of her thigh, where the heavy cross-fold of garment appears to be held up by it also. The head is strictly Greek, being neatly imbound with a silver fillet of leaves, while the hair rolls softly back from the temples. Her ears are placed high, and show like shells. The wings are ample and beautifully detailed. The tone of this bronze is, of course, greenish, but time has added soft grey and almost a fawn tint, chequering it all over.* The position of the arms strongly recalls the fragmentary ones of the Venus of Milo, though the head looks down in this statue.

By accident, as we walked away, we came towards the old church of Sta. Julia, now usefully turned into another museum, the interesting if crude frescoes of the former side-chapels, by

* It is devoutly to be hoped that Rosa, who *restored away* the wild-flowers of the Coliseum, will not be invited to *clean* this masterpiece.

BRONZE: FAM

Foppa the younger, shedding a happy decorative influence. An aperture in one of the walls allows one a mysterious peep down into the also disused and much-frescoed Lombard Chiesa S. Salvatore of the eighth century, to which, perhaps, once belonged the so-called "cross of St. Helen" and other relics of the Western Empire seen in the collection. In the various cabinets and cases are to be noted the usual museum-objects. The medals form a growing feature, and there are some forty pieces of majolica. All this is by way of an agreeable surprise in a lonely corner of the old city.

We now leave Brescia by the Porta Venezia for a wander up the hills in the last hours of a bright Autumn afternoon. But to whom is yonder dark statue, like a monk, erected? Wreaths are hung about its base, and, going closer, we discern the name of "Arnoldo." Who was Arnoldo? The light does not wait for us, so we must be brief. Arnoldo was a disciple of Abelard. He declaimed eloquently for years

against the secular power of the popes, and told them and their bishops the very unpalatable truth that they could not attain salvation through politics, or heaven through the exchequer. The people listened and applauded him as a patriot, while Innocent the Second vainly condemned him as a heretic. He fled across the Alps to Zurich. A few years, however, found him again successfully exhorting the Romans, in their very midst, to restore the old Republic. Here he was protected by several powerful noble families of the Campagna. I regret to say that it was left to an Englishman, Adrian the Fourth,—the same who celebrated mass in Ravello Cathedral, in our previous chapter,—to concert and achieve the destruction of this brave reformer. He was burnt alive in Rome, and his ashes were cast into the river, A.D. 1155. But Brescia, who thought of her buried treasures so long ago, has not forgotten her illustrious son, and here he stands in honoured effigy: Arnoldo da Brescia!

We were soon passing up hill along a road parallel with the walls and their deep fosse, till we were level with the Castello. Over the neighbouring hills toward Verona, a local storm of thunder kept us interested, though it was being borne quickly from us. The volumes of sound travelled intermittently round valleys and hills before us, which we could not see, as yet not having gained any point of vantage whatever, save over the vast plain we were soon leaving. At length, dipping down so as to lose sight of Brescia, a little path took us among sloping chestnut-woodland looking down on to a quiet well-tilled vale, displaying rich reddish-brown earth and large white-tiled farm houses. The modulation of the mountain-sides that, as it were, guard it around, and again rise into manifold great ranges beyond, is very fine here. Some of the more distant valleys, as the afternoon gains, are already in shadow. Above us the sky has now become quite free and calm, though the thunder growls but a little way off.

We rest to take breath on a broad fragment of rock, at the edge of which clusters of wild pinks and some large St. John's wort, with its now crimsoned leaves rivalling the maple, catch our eyes. The last coronillas and campanulas bloomed here and there around us; while a flower not common in England (save on the borders of Staffordshire and in Wales) called Saponaria or soapwort, suddenly surprised us by its presence at our feet; and diminutive scarlet colonies of fungi rose brightly through the fresh-fallen leaves.

Some boys beating the prickly husks from chestnuts, with a pointer watching their proceeding, occupied our path further on. The clouds of the retiring storm, eastward over the hillside, began to assume mysterious tints like pale copper and fawn, in the approach of sunset, as we reached the shoulder of a hill sloping to a summit some three hundred feet above us. A determined spurt soon brought us up there. Not a breath stirred. But burnt and

dried grasses and thistles glistened and almost flashed in the strong ruddy light that passed over this and the further hills on to the great cloud-hosts that now crimsoned fiercely above rain-hidden Verona, far away; for the sun glared like a dazzling blaze of furnace-light through a low broken bank of irregular cloud above Milan. In front, we trace the blue line of Apennines travelling dimly away into the south-east; while vesper-bells arise calmly from the quiet and darkening plain below. No wonder, think we, that Italy has been coveted from immemorial times by her northern invaders. The sun has at last gone: and above it a few frail wisps of fire are spread over the pale blue-green of twilight; and the still air at once begins to cool. A great grey moth, like the first spirit of night, flutters up from the dimming flowers as we turn to descend.

The after-glow became warmly tinted like a contracting rose, as the utter hush, like sleep, filled the wide landscape. Through a break in

the dusky mountains north of us, where the Lake of Garda lies, a lofty snow-peak, apparently glaciered,—which we surmised might be the "Adamello," or one of the lower dolomites,—peered softly.

The last object of interest ere our feet again greeted the illumined streets, was when we left the chestnut slopes and once more were opposite the massive 'castello' with its convent-church tower and sharp escarpments relieved against the remnant twilight, whence one lone bright star hung, like a sacred lamp, above it.

At seven, a gay throng of people collects in the spacious street under our window, where a military band breaks into merry Rossinian strains, mostly from operas, seldom now performed in England, La Gazza Ladra being one. The people seem so orderly and pleased. Little bits of glass glint like fireflies in the moonrise from the crevices in the roughly stoned street. The face of the august goddess is veiled in silver lawn as she leaves the mountains.

When the music ceases one hears the unfailing corner-fountain mingling merrily with soft murmur of Italian talk.

Our last morning seemed to sparkle like the marriage-morn of Spring and Summer. People were soon astir. Carts were rumbling, bells jingling. Pigeons were walking carefully over the busy sunny street. Women were talking in pairs: girls with graceful mantillas gossiping and looking their freshest, already spying for new novels in the stationer's window; and finally there were priests hastening with cold hands to or from mass.

I wandered out into the sunshine until I entered one of the chief market-places, which was an irregular camp of huge white umbrellas, as large as those used at Verona. There, as one threaded one's way, could be seen huge cheeses being sold piecemeal and carried off, wrapped up in proud green plane-leaves; pomegranates were bursting with ripeness; grapes going by the kilo; then onions, piles of

cabbages, and fish, with chestnuts everywhere on stoves, sending delicious odour on the eager morning air. The old women looked especially picturesque, and their bright handkerchief and scarf stalls formed an attractive corner.

And now we had time to visit the churches of Sta. Agata, S. Francesco, and S. Giovanni Evangelista. The first contains a noble altar-piece by Callisto da Lodi, representing Sta. Agata crucified in her black robes, with St. Peter, St. Paul, Sta. Barbara, and Sta. Caterina below: and an "Adoration" by the younger Foppa. The former painter was a pupil, of Romanino, who, like other famous pupils are apt to surpass their master, at least occasionally: in fact, what is the use of progress and pupildom at all if they do not? But we are inclined to think less of Romanino's merits than some other observers; and in the church of St. Giovanni, where we find Romanino in 1521 painting in friendly competition with Moretto decorating the chapel of Corpus

Christi, we see him at a certain disadvantage, due to the superior talents as well as the more masculine mind of his rival, who here has evidently been freshly on a visit to Rome, and has felt influences even more powerful than himself. In this same chapel is the large many-figured altar-piece by Vicenzo Civerchio, representing the Marys weeping over Christ. It is given to Bellini, but there is little doubt as to its being by the painter to whom Signor Cavalcaselle has assigned it, who, though a native of Crema, spent much time in Brescia, where, as also at Cremona, his work can best be studied. The peculiar display of hands causes some confusion. It is nevertheless a worthy work. One of the Moretto subjects, the angel awakening Elijah from his profound sleep, with its wild and extensive landscape, and the Raphaelesque figure of St. Mark, most pleased us.

In San Francesco there is little to note save a very early fresco (Lamentation) on the right,

under glass, and some once-fine inlaid-work by Virch, probably a Tyrolese artist (1553), now ruining fast, and also needing glass-cover. The façade has attractions in its richly-moulded rose-window and cornices. In this church the inhabitants of Brescia took the oath of fidelity to the Venetian Republic, 1421.

At the beginning of this chapter we have seen in what sorry plight Siena was in the 16th century. In 1512 Brescia fared even worse when the Venetians tried to hold it against the French. That native love of sensation, especially if it be criminal, and that unstinted munificence of cruelty, which taken together are historically sable and crimson plumes in the cap of France, flaunted themselves here in proportion to the attractiveness of the spoil and the utter defencelessness of the inhabitants. The besiegers dallied over Brescia like tigers over deer. Her distress appealed to French charity, but, as usual, stimulated its lust. The hopelessness, the beauty of its women, its terror, entreated the

pity of the "gentil Duc de Nemours," Gaston de Foix, but only kindled and persuaded his ferocious vices. Time has, however, outwitted historians, and shown that French natural history repeats its subtle brutalities, as if to impress the world with what the world scarcely dares to believe,—or from which it shrinks with horror on realizing,—its terrible *verity*. Bayard was severely wounded in the assault, and the romance of his sickness will be found in the guide-books. The "flower of chivalry," we read, glutted themselves for seven days in the ravage of Brescia; and then, in the blind insolence of mending debauch, boasted that they had put twenty-two thousand people to the sword! Unhappily Italy yet degrades herself by marking the place where the ruffian victor finally fell in the battle near Ravenna, and the Brera at Milan contains portions of his once sumptuous Renaissance tomb.

The painter Ferramola escaped alive, and in cruel irony was made to paint the tyrant's

portrait. His surprise by the soldiers while at his easel, and telling them to help themselves to his goods, reminds us of Archimedes. Most of his frescoes, especially those of exteriors, have perished, though those of other masters are pointed out occasionally in Brescia as his handiwork. He is best seen at Lovere.

Nicolo Tartaglia, who became a famous mathematician, and translated "Euclid" (1543), was also a fortunate survivor. He was a babe in his mother's arms when the Frenchmen cut her down and wounded him in the lips, which caused his stuttering and gave him the name he bears. On the wall, I think, of the old Duomo will be seen a slab recording the spot where this event happened.

Note.—The traveller notes with joy the healthy intelligence of manufacturing Brescia, who compels her furnace-chimneys to keep at a distance from her royal self: a fine lesson to certain other towns in Europe.

PERUGIA.

PERUGIA.

AN almost tropical rain, which, had there been an abundance of forest and banana-plantations near, would have prevented one sleeping, fell in Rome during our last night there, and as our train rolled, clanking like a chain of slaves in gyves, out of the station, the soft air and the grey festooning clouds seemed to threaten thunder. The grass in the fields and waste places was dazzlingly green, deepening the still cypresses almost to black, and darkening the blossoming Judas-trees to dull crimson.

We now pass out into the Campagna, Soracte somberely throned in the distance, and we cross the little Anio. A few lonely farms, or

struggling ruins, start up here and there on the undulations, and there is nothing especial to remark; but the effect of bosky dells for miles, and woodland slopes, all rising green and fresh, flushing occasionally into little purple clouds of blossom on one side, and on the other, the distance swept by soft lines of Umbrian hills in deep shadow, so that the nearer olive-groves look dustily-white against them, and a chiefless castle in straggling ruin, crowning some quiet knoll sacred to the nightingales, is exceedingly beautiful, so much so that we scarcely further regret the absolute sunlessness.

At length we rise into rockier ground, and follow the Nar, rushing turbidly down its ragged bed; and before us on our right we catch a glimpse of the ruined bridge of Augustus which joined the Flaminian Way; tall grass and golden wild-flowers flourishing or the broken spans above, while fallen blocks of concreted brick-work still visibly obstruct the wild waters below.

Here, we recollect, was born one of the most famous condottieri of the fifteenth century, Erasmo da Narni, otherwise "Gattamelata," captain-general of the Venetian forces, 1438–41; whose equestrian statue in bronze by Donatello we had seen outside the great church of San Antonio at Padua, wherein he is buried —a statue, by the way, which has a fault not uncommon in old equestrian statues, namely, that the horse raises two legs on the same side. He married Giacoma della Leonessa, who built the Chapel of the Sacrament, where the remains of her husband and son now lie.

Later we reach Spoleto, its old castle looking dimly down over it through a lifting veil of rain. There, after a jovial and adventurous career, lie the bones of Fra Filippo Lippi, whose story in brief, certainly romantic so far as his end is concerned, with Spoleto will, perhaps, entertain us for a little while. Vasari says that the Commune of Spoleto invited *him* to adorn the Chapel of our Lady in their Duomo with

frescoes, and that, with the assistance of Fra Diamante (who finished them), he was progressing satisfactorily when death overtook him. "It was said that the libertinism of his conduct brought it about, and that he was poisoned by the relations of his mistress"—Lucrezia di Francesco Buti—the mother of Filippino Lippi (who at this time was already ten years old). Pope Eugenius IV. had been so partial to the talented master that he had offered him a special dispensation to legitimise Lucrezia; but the graceful offer was not accepted. "Fra Filippo was very inclined to men of cheerful temperament, and for his own part lived in very joyous fashion." Perhaps, then, there was motive enough for the quiet crime!

We change trains at little Foligno, remembered for its once-possessed Madonna of Raphael; for the home of an old master, named Nicolo Alunno, who flourished and painted partitional works in the last half of the fifteenth century; and for its earthquakes during the first half of this

century. Then comes Spello on its rocky spur, whence on a fine afternoon Assisi and Perugia, and the wide upper valley of the Tiber, can be beautifully held in prospect. Here we are in the domain of Perugino and his scholars. Pinturicchio's chief work here (1500–1) consists of three noble but unequal frescoes in the Baglioni Chapel of Santa Maria Maggiore, which have been reproduced by the Arundel Society.

The ascent of the railroad has been well marked, and the air has become far cooler and more bracing. We now see the sterile flank of Monte Subasio with grey Assisi above its base. There at last is the renowned home of St. Francis. The gale has fortunately broken the clouds, and a gleam, as of intellectual light, throws a faint glory on the silent walls of the town and convent. But we glide on past Gli Angeli with its lofty dome, till Assisi lessens with the blind-arched line of buttress-wall that supports its convent, and

forms its corner and chief external feature. After half an hour more, ere our patience is quite exhausted by a long wind, we reach the station of Perugia in the valley below it, and find we prefer to walk at least some part of the ascent towards it. The bells of the churches are chiming the hour of five as we enter the Porta Toscana.

Some regrets occurred that our hotel-keeper and his English wife had at length completed and occupied a new hotel far up in the town, and had ceased to receive their guests in the long and unconventional villa-like "casa" just outside this gate where they won their popularity. Even hotels exercise considerable hold on the affections. We certainly looked askance at the white barrack-like building facing the Piazza, though it was impossible not to reflect on the superior view it must command. Experience modified our regret, though it did not entirely eradicate it. And often as the north-west wind fiercely shook the windows,

would we think of the cosy, now-closed little building below; of the noble if limited view its end balcony commanded, and, not least,—of the neat garden where many an old-fashioned English garden-flower told us pleasant tales.

A valued Italian friend, well known in England, greeted us as we alighted, and invited us to tea that evening (for Italians never ask you to dinner) to the Palazzo G., where he was visiting relations. So after we had enjoyed a light evening feast with some Montepulciano and thoughts of genial Leigh Hunt * and jovial Redi, the writer and a third person passed along the side of the Piazza (being threatened with his bayonet by a sentinel on our way, for no reason we ever discovered or could conjecture) into

* "There is a story of a bishop who, stopping at Montepulciano, and tasting of the wine, never stirred from the place till his body stopped there for ever,—

"Give ear, and give faith to our edict divine:
Montepulciano's the king of all wine."

Of late years it is not advisable to prefer the wine so labelled.

the main street (every reader can guess its modern name !) by cafés full of smoke and soldiers, to the old Piazza del Duomo. Thence in the dim lamp-light we turned down a narrow steep street in deep shadow, abounding with mysterious and very dramatic gaps and corners, whence imagination easily and irresistibly pictured bravos of the Baglioni or Oddi factions in other days issuing for desperate deeds in the Piazza above. Following the descent we had, after trusting somewhat to memory, to ask our way, and a courteous native immediately undertook to conduct us in person. We were soon at our destination, entering a palace, if not by any means amongst the older or famous ones, yet, perhaps, the noblest now extant in Perugia; having been built for the Marquis Antinori in the last century by the same architect who built the Palazzo Doria at Rome. We stayed conversing with the ladies of the house for two hours, and amongst the Perugian society there we made the acquaintance of the present

representatives of the Baglioni and Staffa families, whose especial history at the period of Raphael's apprenticeship to Perugino was so fraught with terrible episodes on the Piazza, that the tragedies of Capulet and Montague seem small matters in comparison. The great fountain and the re-consecrated steps of the old Duomo, if they could speak, would tell us more about the ancestors than could their descendants. It may be (thought we, as we passed back by these memorials of those picturesque times, at dead of night) that the horror of those sanguinary doings charmed the place to the intense silence prevailing; for the gale had spent itself to death for the time being, and not even a whisper crept round the grim old Palazzo Communale with its bronze griffon and the chains of Siena.

The night was almost frosty; but on opening the shutters early next morning the bright sun dazzled in. Out on the somewhat distant Piace d'Armes, beyond the before-mentioned

Porta Toscana, the cattle fair was proceeding. Very picturesque did the long-mantled farmers seem to be, as they gossiped, or purchased some beautiful iron-grey creature with long winding horns and deep dewlap. The air resounded with majestic bellowing, much lowing, and occasionally with discordant squeals. Many peasants were now wending their ways down the road to Assisi, the pigs giving them far more trouble than the larger beasts; though sometimes a spirited youngster, as yet without horns, would play awkward games with his new owner. Beside the cattle-market, the soldiers were out at drill. The far-off plains of the Tiber-valley were smooth as the summer sea with dense silver mist which the sun began to draw up. Aloft and far beyond it, the mountains, touched with remnant snow, peered over to us like giants.

As the light was exceptional, we took advantage of it to revisit the radiantly adorned old Sala del Cambio. The bent sexton-like

antiquity who showed the place seemed to possess two phrases only, "S'accomodo," and "Seicento." He literally looked the last. This historic chamber and its chapel, with the glorious frescoes of Perugino (1500), the finest of his work to be seen in his town, which Kugler tells us "bear the same relation to his fame as those in the Vatican do to that of Raphael,"—needs little remark here. It is a dim court of rainbows.

A smiling little face was eagerly watching us through the window when the shutters were opened to illumine the walls; and we little thought that the gift of half-a-lira for some violets and the smiles would convert the latter almost into tears as it did. She did not want the money; she wanted us to have her violets as a remembrance of Perugia, and kissing the piece she vanished.

We went up by another entrance of the same building to the Pinocoteca to renew our acquaintance with Buonfigli (1453–1496), the

inaugurator of the Perugian school, with Lo Spagna, Manni, and other minor pupils and companions of Perugino, whose styles and complex Florentine influences can be best studied here; but especially with Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, who is seen to greater advantage in a series of eight panels, illustrating eight episodes in the life of S. Bernardino, than in the "Adoration of the Magi."

On the outside wall of the Duomo facing the piazza, projects a little pulpit, whence S. Bernardino of Siena (the originator of the institution, now so strangely called "Monte di Pietà") is said to have preached to the people. The saint was born in 1380 near Siena, of noble blood: and earned his first fame by associating some young men with himself during a terrible visitation of the plague there; and thus organising relief for the sufferers in the hospital. Mrs. Jameson says: "S. Bernardino is said to have been the founder of the charitable institution still called in France 'Monts-de-Piété;'

originally for the purpose of lending to the very poor small sums on trifling pledges. In every city he visited he founded a Monte di Pietà." But it appears that another S. Bernardino (Da Feltre) shares the honour. "The attribute is a little green hill composed of three mounds, and on the top either a cross or a standard on which is the figure of the dead Saviour." Unfortunately for herself this excellent lady tells us she saw with interest a remarkable series of eight subjects relating to him in the church of S. Francesco at Perugia, "but had not time to make a note." She says they were by Pesellino, who was a student of Fra Filippo. There can be no doubt that these eight panels in the gallery now, by Fiorenzo, are the ones. Murray curiously uses the name of quite a different artist—Pisanello, in referring to them. Similarity of initial consonants and liquids must have occasioned the momentary error. Kugler tells us that Fiorenzo laboured in Buonfigli's atelier, and that this series is assigned to them

jointly. We venture to entirely discredit the latter idea. The younger master had a far more unfettered originality, a greater cleverness and self-dependence of fancy, and far less consequent conventionality of treatment. So that Fiorenzo has almost no relation with Perugino, the full flower of the Umbrian school; while to a considerable extent Buonfigli certainly has. And yet it is not hard to see who Fiorenzo had sympathetically studied or admired. His type of Madonna, as seen here in Perugia, has a likeness to Lorenzo di Credi's. And Lorenzo and Perugino both were associated in the atelier of Verrochio—the renowned fashioner of the fountain in the court of the Signoria at Florence and of Colleone's statue at Venice. This is the connection. Moreover, Lorenzo di Credi would be perhaps not half a generation older than Fiorenzo. His quaint and clever appreciation of every accessory of costume and decorative art gives great enjoyment mingled with pleasant reminders of Carpaccio. His close

observation of nature is an equally distinguishing feature. In a stiff, much-bedimmed "Adoration of the Magi" peeping joyfully from the foreground, he has exhibited, with striking accuracy of character, several wild-flowers. There are violets, milk-worts, and the fragrant grape-hyacinth, found on the way down to the Volumnian sepulchre. Above all are seen a couple of dandelions gone to feather with portions missing by a breath of wind. Even Van Eyck would, we think, have praised these though they are mere details; and it is necessary to see Luini's "Columbina" at St. Petersburg (described in the early portion of this little work), in order to rival this picture in floral minutiæ. One or two small works of this interesting master have fallen into English hands of late years.

The frescoes relating to the deeds of St. Louis of Toulouse, and the patron-saint Ercolano by Buonfigli, are the first dated works of that master, 1454, and should therefore be viewed before subjects in other chambers of

the gallery. This St. Louis was nephew to St. Louis, or Louis IX., of Crusade fame. In company of St. Bernardino he is seen in a noble work by Crivelli at Milan. St. Ercolano was bishop of Perugia in 546, when the Gothic horde under Totila invaded it, at which time he is said to have bravely exhorted his townsfolk. The city fell, however, and the good bishop was executed on the rampart. But the spring-day sacred to his memory comes round with festive enthusiasm, and the visitor will see Perugia *en fête*, if he is so fortunate as to be there on March the 1st.

The churches of Perugia must be so well described, though their present contents are modest, by abler and more famous writers that it would seem impertinent to dilate on them here: so that the writer thinks it wiser to keep more to his own actual feelings and experiences in so well known a town. One matter, however, is quite certain, and that is, that neither in architecture nor contents would it be fair to

mention the churches of Perugia with those of Siena. In general effect, without and within, we give the preference in Perugia to the Church of S. Pietro.

Walking at random, as one is most tempted to do here, means considerable up and down-hill rambling at all points of the compass. Yet many a charming pause will occur to give rest and refreshment to mind and body: whether it be to look above at some many-arched narrow alley the traveller has partly descended, or at some bold bush of golden wall-flower or purple stock flaming from some decayed or dim frieze; or to gaze at some well-designed balcony of an old and now obscure palace, or possibly to lean on some low wall under pert shadows of sprouting acacias, to survey with gladness a supreme expanse of luxuriant spring-landscape, sunned or enshadowed as clouds permit, or the evening controls. Go where he will, endless variety greets him. He cannot fail to drink in continual beauty as from a fresh well.

Our first drive took us one bright morning to Assisi, twelve miles across the valley, and a pleasant day we had; though but for our humble love of nature, it might have seemed longer than it actually did seem.

"We are off with the usual flourish of Italian drivers, who have not lately had much business, and have less well-off comrades to triumph modestly over. Our carriage has a brown dog, of breed unknown, perhaps ancient Etruscan; but he proves himself to possess considerable tact as well as an amazing digestion. The first objects we met on our descending road were two snow-white oxen dragging a blue waggon with vermilion wheels. Driver with slouch hat, loose coat, and long goad,—asleep. Our follower encounters a scornful savage of diverse breed, who, however, does no more than growl and pass on. A young and nice-looking couple in a little open cart pass us quietly on their slow way up to Perugia. Looking back after a little, her head lies tenderly on his shoulder, and he leans down to kiss her,

while the patient pony toils up-hill with free reins. Farther down we are on the plain. A pig tied by the leg exchanges inquiry with our canine gossip. In the rich furrows of the mulberry fields white pigeons are feeding, and resemble seagulls on the moving waves; and there are groups of hogs routing while their keeper, an old woman, spins under a tree. We pass over the Devil's bridge, said to have been made in one night by his all-powerful majesty; the water here flows over weirs very greenly. Groups of girls were washing clothes."

At eleven o'clock we were mounting towards the walls of Assisi, studded with bright wall-flowers, and near them, hung out to dry, on long poles which bent under their weight, were wealthy skeins of freshly-dyed orange-wool. We drove on into the town, which seemed rather more deserted than was anticipated, till we alighted at the side-door of Santa Chiara (1253) (much restored). The body of the fair saint was displayed to us in its glass-gilt shrine. We

pictured to ourselves her quiet escape from the false glitter of life, when she veiled herself one evening, and craved admittance as a poor penitent at the door of the chapel where Saint Francis and his brethren met her with hymns and lighted tapers, to lead her to the altar of the Virgin. "Then she put off her splendid attire, and St. Francis with his own hands cut off her luxuriant golden tresses, and she became his daughter and disciple." Her sister Agnes, with other ladies, joined her, and finally their mother, and so was founded the order of the "Poor Clares." Her face is now a black metal mask.

Coming through the Piazza a portico of fluted columns of an ancient temple to Minerva arrested our gaze ere we passed down a forlorn street towards the triple church and convent. In 1786 Goethe wrote, "It was the first complete memorial of antiquity I had seen. Most reluctantly did I tear myself away from the sight." (He does not seem to have visited the Chris-

tian shrines here at all : — young Pagan !) On leaving it he had an untoward adventure with some suspicious sbirri armed with guns, which ended well, nevertheless, and the poet, having diplomatically parted with some small silver, went on to Foligno. It is, at first, a curious sensation passing from a purely Pagan temple to a world-renowned Christian shrine,—from Minerva to the Madonna, within the space of a few minutes. The contrast itself is magnificent, and is a high illustration of and an intellectual compliment to the genius and elasticity of man.

Without living at Assisi, so as to be able to study the churches and their details, it is quite impossible to dwell upon anything but its wide interests, sentimental and æsthetic, and its general effect. Under these two categories our own remarks will therefore fall.

Giovanni Bernardone, whose father traded in silk and wool with France, meant his son to become his agent and heir. He was therefore taught the French language, an uncommon

achievement out of Rome in those times; and which caused him to be called "Il Francesco." Nicknames often *supersede and survive* real names—witness the case of the "Quakers," &c. Destiny ordered otherwise as we know, as far as Francesco's manner of life was concerned. It has often seemed to me that St. Francis exemplifies the poetic temperament far more than most of the famous fathers and founders. The influences of nature were over and above delightful to him, besides being as bright living veils through which he could see the face of his Maker. He was more than a merely good monk, or holy father, or theological giant. He was poet and saint in one. He did not write poetry: but his life was a severe poem. The extreme diversity of all things was held fused to a profound identity by his warm satisfied perception of the Divinity universally inspiring them. All difficulties were solved for him: past, present, and future were no obstacles to his belief: nor was anything a theory to him. The less he possessed on earth

the better. Absolute poverty was his rule, and that to him was indeed wealth enough. How then do we confront this magnificent convent and these astonishing fanes that rise one above the other? Is that in keeping with humility? with poverty? with his rule? They in truth are simply the poetical results of the intense enthusiasm which his career evoked after his death in 1226; and they, even in all their glory, are not the only nor the finest ones! The great Arts then just fortunately kindling to life, like Galatea, from their rigid stagnation, felt fresh impulse, like seeds in the spring sunlight, to honour and to illustrate the life of the humblest man but One that ever breathed. Assisi and the Duomo of Orvieto henceforth absorbed the noblest talents of the thirteenth century; and while Giotto and Memmi painted at Assisi, Dantê wrote in his Paradise (Canto xi.) about the one "seraphically fervent," and "the wondrous life of the meek man of God."

After waiting at the door of the lower church,

a priest took us into the long arcade of frescoed walls and ceilings, dimmed by early stained glass. Chapel after chapel, like spectral iris after iris, seemed to pass before us in weird but reverend gloom. Especially did we linger before the much-ruined chapel of Guido, Count of Urbino, who died a monk of the order in 1298, after having been a turbulent and successful warrior against several popes; yet in his last two years of seclusion consulted by crafty Boniface VIII.* (a shining example of crime even among popes in those days) as to how the obnoxious Colonnas in their stronghold of Palestrina should be reduced. Dante consigns the Count to the care of a dark cherub who claims him from St. Francis (*Inf.* xxvii.)

Coming out of the lower church and entering the one above is like coming out of twilight into noon-day. Over the door is an elaborate

* This pope, if we mistake not, seriously intrigued with France against the sovereignty of Edward I. over Scotland in 1301, and was defied and outwitted by that warrior for his trouble.

wheel-window filled with obnoxious "*transparencies.*" The walls and roof glow with decaying frescoes by Gunto da Pisa and Giotto. It is a grand battle between ruin and radiance, colour and damp, and therefore reveals but a melancholy splendour. We much admired the "*cluster*" piers of the transepts, as well as the transept windows.

After traversing the cloisters of the convent, now, like the certosa at Pavia, lacking the forms of life for whom it was intended, yet happier than that monastery because of the sounds of schoolboy voices from its old walls, we left the town, and walked down on to the plain to Sta. Maria degli Angeli, a huge domed church which covers the small original chapel or "Porziuncula," in which St. Francis founded his order. Hazlitt compares it to "Popery surmounting Christianity." This chapel, Mrs. Jameson says, "might contain thirty persons." Its exterior is decorated with appropriate frescoes by Overbeck (1828). In it Sta. Chiara made her pro-

fession. There may be also noted in this ugly edifice a masterly figure-piece of Della Robbia ware, and an unusually fine bronze or copper lamp. Adjoining the church we were taken to see the little flower-garden with its violets and, "without thorn, the Rose."

It was late in the afternoon when we stopped, on our return, at the foot of the hill on which the Etruscans built Perugia, to enter the subterranean sepulchre of the Volumni. Clouds had come up over the scene. We looked back towards Assisi: the shadows of an advancing storm had darkened it. The air was cold with coming rain: and the tomb, as we descended into it, seemed as if artificially heated. Maidenhair thickly lined the archway, and the wooden door was oily with damp. Having wondered sufficiently at the silent majesty of these noble burial-chambers and their sculptured contents, we soon completed our day's journey, and escaped the rain-storm, whose dark phalanxes of cloud soon after swept pitilessly

against the walls and towers of Perugia, blotting out the entire landscape far and near around it.

First, a continuous column of even grey cloud pouring a fluctuant screen of rain advanced from the opposite heights across the valley with the precision of a trained army. Green field and blossoming orchard are swiftly gained and vanish. The sharp black underline of the storm grows ragged and terrible as it nears; but no lightning is seen. Then the station far down on the plain is overtaken, and rain and hail ride darkly and boldly up hill towards us. The first large drops dash our windows: and now, reader, take refuge at my fireside and dream, either of the things you have seen to-day, or of the coming sunshine of to-morrow: if that may be our good fortune!

Much snow whitened the distant heights next morning, rendering the air very cold. The sun, however, beamed kindly in the clear air, and enabled us to drive to La Magione on the way to Trasimene, which indeed it almost

surveys. Saving its old cracked tower, beyond it on the higher ground, over which the kestrel hovers, there is little to see, though the place itself has seen much. It is famous for having been occupied in the fifteenth century by Braccio di Montone, otherwise Forte-braccio, a native of Perugia, the greatest captain of adventure of the period, founder of the Braccian bands;* and as having been later the meeting-

* The condottieri, or leaders of military bands, combined on a large scale the profession of knights-errant, aristocratic brigands, and men of distinct military genius. They are believed to have originated in the long and desultory wars 'twixt England and France. In France they were at one time so powerful as to put the King's army to rout which had been sent against them in 1361; and the Constable, Jacques de Bourbon, was slain in the battle at Brignais.

This Braccio was born at Perugia in 1368, and led an expedition for Count Montefeltro of Urbino against the Malatesti of Rimini. After serving in the cause of the exiled nobles of Perugia, in the marches of Ancona, and under Allerico da Barliano in Lombardy, in 1498 he assisted Ladislaus, king of Naples, who hoped for sovereignty in Umbria, and scoured this Tiber valley. In 1416 he besieged his native city and became its ruler, and restored his relative nobility — the Baglionis, &c.

place of a league of the enemies to Cesare Borgia and his infamous father Alexander VI., mostly magnates from Perugia, Bologna, Citta di Castello. At a certain point of the road our steeds were exchanged for two oxen from a neighbouring farm, which dragged the vehicle steadily up the heavy road. The view over the lake, lit by the sun into one large emerald set in sloping woodlands of oak was not to be forgotten. Out of last year's leaves lying thickly about us, the spiked star of Bethlehem and the Mediterranean heath bloomed freely, with occasional perfume of hidden hyacinths and song of birds. On the reedy right of the lake Passignano lay, and beyond that was fought

Later he fought successfully for the famous Joanna at Naples, and she caused him to be made Prince of Capua and to be crowned as such at Perugia. In 1423 he aspired to the crown of Naples and besieged Aquila, but in a fierce battle before that town at the lake of Celano, he was wounded, captured, and died after three days, June 25, 1424. The "Muri di Braccio" here were constructed under his sovereignty.

the earthquake-battle, whence the little stream there is still called Sanguineta.

Seldom in Italy does one encounter such noble trees as those seen on this drive. In a land where coal is scarce one marvels what should have induced the peasants to let the trees develop. Italy has lost so many forests for that reason. Thorn-hedges are also features round Perugia.

Before we leave we must pause a moment to notice the fine bronze statue* of Julius III. by a many-gifted native of the city—Vicenzo Danti (1530–1576), considered his masterpiece. This pope, formerly chamberlain to the warlike Julius II., and then Cardinal Monte, was elected to the pontificate in Feb. 1550. His papacy was brief, but not without interest to Englishmen and travellers. It was he who built the villa called "Papa Julio," near the Ponte Molle. "The laying out of these gardens and the building of this palace," says

* See "Transformation."

Von Ranke, "were his daily delights." He reopened the famous Council of Trent in 1551; and sent Cardinal Pole to arrange with Queen Mary, his relative, the reunion of England with Rome. He died in 1555. The Perugians seem to have erected his statue in commemoration of his restoring some privileges taken from them by his bigoted predecessor Paul III. after a rebellion against a salt tax. The old factions in Perugia were first between the Popes and the nobles: and then among the nobles themselves. Guerra al cuchillo!

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY

APPENDIX.

I.

RAVENNA.

ST. APOLLINARIS.

"IN the last year of the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, Apollinaris, first bishop of Ravenna, was martyred outside the gate of the city. It is related of him that he accompanied the Apostle Peter from Antioch, and was for some time his companion and assistant at Rome.

"Apollinaris came to the city of Ravenna, where he preached the faith of Christ with so much success that he collected round him a large congregation, and performed miracles, silencing wherever he came the voice of the false oracles, and overcoming the Demons: but the heathens, being filled with rage, threw him into prison, whence escaping, by the favour of his jailer, he fled from the city by the gate which leads to Rimini. His enemies pursued him, and having overtaken him about three miles from the gate, they fell upon him and beat him, and pierced him with many wounds, so that, when his disciples found him soon afterwards, he died in their arms.

"On the spot where he suffered, about 534 years after

wards, was built and dedicated to his honour the magnificent basilica of St. Apollinaris in Classe. It is still seen standing in the midst of a solitary marshy plain near Ravenna, surrounded with rice-grounds, and on the verge of that vast melancholy pine-forest made famous in the works of Dante, Boccaccio, and Byron. The full-length figure in Mosaic, in the apsis of this antique church, exhibits the oldest of the few representations I have met with of this saint, whose celebrity and worship are chiefly confined to Ravenna. He is in the habit of a Greek bishop, that is, in white; the pallium embroidered with black crosses, no mitre, and with grey hair and beard. He stands, with hands outspread, preaching to his congregation of converts, who are represented by several sheep."—*Jameson*, S. & L. Art, vol. ii. p. 700.

II.

THE PINE-FOREST.

"Of all the cities in Romanian lands
The chief, and most renowned, Ravenna stands,
Adorned in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants with generous hearts."

. . . . . .

"Alone he walked to please his pensive mind,
And sought the deepest solitude to find.
'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he strayed,
The winds within the quivering branches played.
The place itself was suiting to his care,
Uncouth and savage as the cruel *Fair*.
He wandered on unknowing where he went:
Lost in the wood, and all on Love intent."

"*Theodore and Honoria*."—*Dryden*.

III.

THEODORIC (453-466).

Sidonius, an orator at the court of the great Visigoth, wrote this minute description of him to his friends, which Gibbon has inserted in his sixth volume, whence it is here transcribed for the benefit of the visitor to Ravenna.

"By the majesty of his appearance, Theodoric would command the respect of those who are ignorant of his merit; and although he is born a prince, his merit would dignify a private station. He is of a middle stature; his body appears rather plump than fat, and in his well-proportioned limbs agility is united with muscular strength. If you examine his countenance, you will distinguish a high forehead, large shaggy eyebrows, an aquiline nose, thin lips, a regular set of white teeth, and a fair complexion *that blushes more frequently from modesty than from anger.*

"Before daybreak he repairs, with a small train, to his domestic chapel, where the service is performed by the Arian clergy; but those who presume to interpret his secret sentiments consider this assiduous devotion as the effect of habit and policy. The rest of the morning is employed in the administration of his kingdom. His chair is surrounded by some military officers of decent aspect and behaviour; the noisy crowd of his barbarian guards occupies the hall of audience, but they are not permitted to stand within the vèils or curtains that conceal the council-chamber from vulgar eyes. The ambassadors of the nations are successively introduced. Theodoric listens with attention, answers them with discreet brevity, and either announces or delays, according to the nature of their business, his final resolution. About eight (the second hour) he rises from his throne, and visits either his treasury or his stables. On common days his dinner is not different from the repast of a private citizen: but every Saturday many honourable guests are invited to the royal table, which on these occasions is served with the

elegance of Greece, the plenty of Gaul, and the order and diligence of Italy. After dinner Theodoric sometimes indulges himself in a short slumber; and as soon as he wakes he calls for the dice and tables, encourages his friends to forget the royal majesty, and is delighted when they freely express the passions which are excited by the incidents of play. *If he loses he laughs; he is modest and silent if he wins.* About the ninth hour (three o'clock) the tide of business again returns, and flows incessantly till after sunset, when the signal of the royal supper dismisses the weary crowd of suppliants and pleaders. At the supper, a more familiar repast, buffoons and pantomimes are sometimes introduced to divert, not to offend, the company, by their ridiculous wit: but female fingers, and the soft effeminate modes of music are severely banished, and such martial tunes as animate the soul to deeds of valour are alone grateful to the ear of Theodoric."

IV.

VALENTINIAN III.—HIS DEATH (A. D. 445, *March* 16).

The exact crime which brought this villain's misdeeds to a crisis was the crime of Tarquin. "Valentinian, who supposed that every human breast was devoid, like his own, of friendship and gratitude, had imprudently admitted among his guards several domestics and followers of Ætius," whom he had murdered with his own hands. "Two of these, of barbarian race, were persuaded to execute a sacred and honourable duty, by punishing with death the assassin of their patron: and their intrepid courage did not long expect a favourable moment.

"Whilst Valentinian amused himself in the field of Mars with the spectacle of some military sports, they suddenly rushed upon him with drawn swords, and stabbed the emperor to the heart, without the least

opposition from his numerous train, who seemed to rejoice in the tyrant's death. Such was the fate of Valentinian III., the last Roman emperor of the family of Theodosius."—*Gibbon*, vol. vi. 141–4.

V.

GALLA PLACIDIA.

"Placidia died at Rome, Nov. 27, A.D. 450. She was buried at Ravenna, where her sepulchre, and even her corpse, seated in a chair of cypress-wood, were preserved for ages."—*Gibbon*, vol. vi. 138, note.

VI.

BELISARIUS.

"In A.D. 539, in the reign of Justinian, the Goths were besieged in Ravenna by Belisarius, and after a considerable time they diplomatised its surrender to him."—*Gibbon*, vol. vii.

VII.

SALERNO AND AMALFI.

"The treasures of Grecian medicine had been communicated to the Arabian colonies of Africa, Spain, and Sicily; and in the intercourse of peace and war, a spark of knowledge had been kindled and cherished at Salerno, —an illustrious city, in which the men were honest, and the women beautiful.

"'Et unde,
Non tibi poma, nuces, non pulchra palatia desunt,
Non species muliebris abest probitasque virorum.'

"A school, the first that arose in the darkness of Europe, was consecrated to the healing art; the conscience of monks and bishops was reconciled to that

salutary and lucrative profession; and a crowd of patients, of the most eminent rank, and most distant climates, invited or visited the physicians of Salerno. They were protected by the Norman conquerors; and Guiscard, though bred in arms, could discern the merit and value of a philosopher."—*Gibbon*, vol. x. 278. See also Longfellow's "Golden Legend," and Boccaccio's story of "Tancred."

"Seven miles to the west of Salerno, and thirty to the south of Naples, the obscure town of Amalfi displayed the power and rewards of industry. The land, however fertile, was of narrow extent; but the sea was accessible and open. The inhabitants first assumed the office of supplying the western world with the manufactures and productions of the East; and this useful traffic was the source of their opulence and freedom. Fifty thousand citizens were numbered in the walls of Amalfi: nor was any city more abundantly provided with gold, silver, and the objects of precious luxury. The mariners who swarmed in her port excelled in the theory and practice of navigation and astronomy: and the discovery of the compass, which has opened the globe, is due to their ingenuity or good fortune." Gibbon could not know the claims of Egypt and China. "After three hundred years of prosperity, Amalfi was oppressed by the arms of the Normans, and sacked by the jealousy of Pisa: but the poverty of one thousand fishermen is yet dignified by the remains of an arsenal, a cathedral, and the palaces of royal merchants." We should prefer another word, nowadays, than *dignified* for the impudent beggary for which Amalfi is notorious. But we hope the best results from the new road communication round the promontory in course of time.

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To the
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